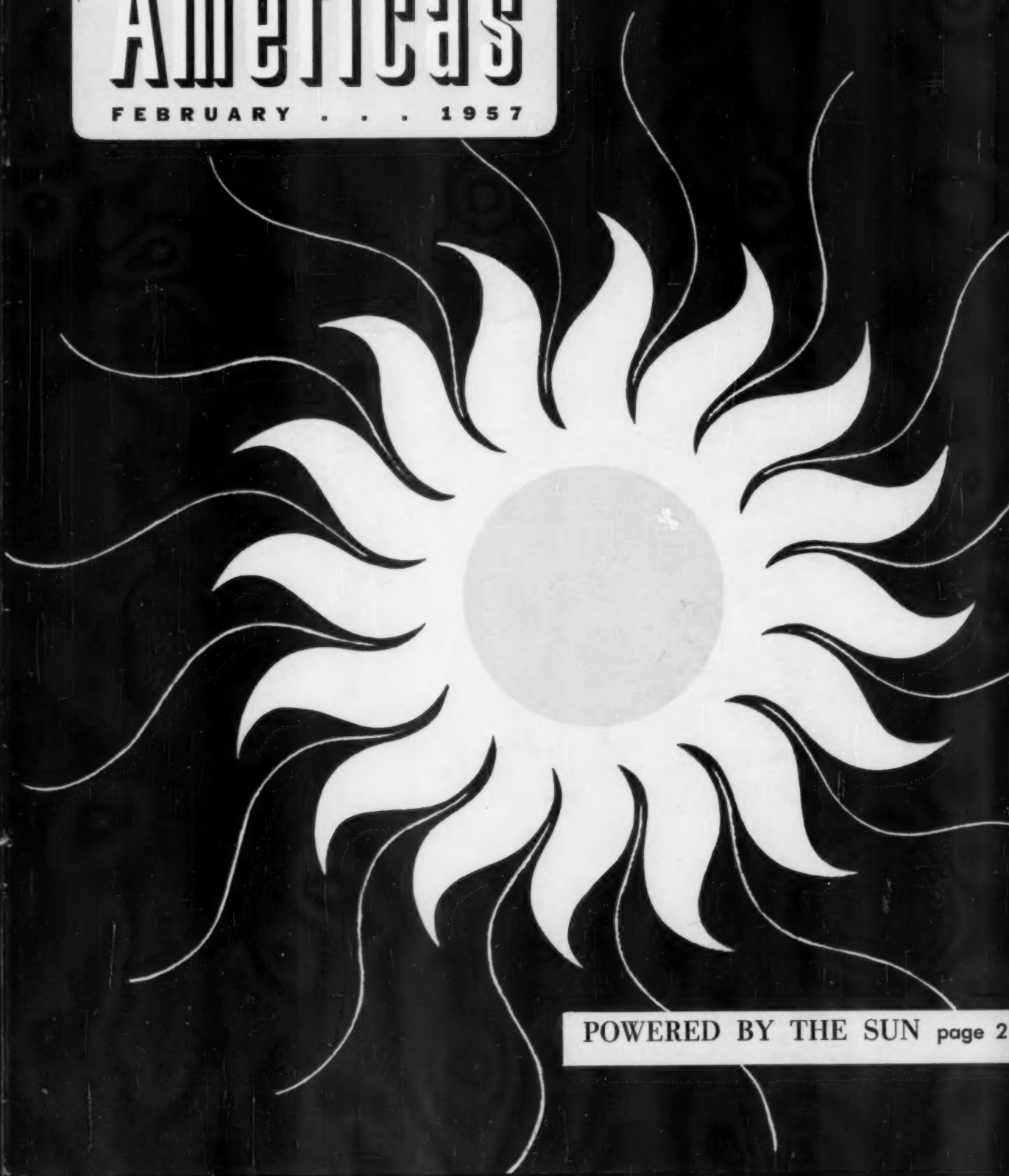


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POWERED BY THE SUN page 2



EL ECSMO SENOR CONDE DE GALVES

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Gabriela Mistral with OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado of Colombia during an appearance at the PAU

Dear Reader

Gabriela Mistral's golden voice, which brought us so much marvelous poetry, has fallen silent. Along with her many admirers throughout the world, the OAS mourns the loss of this great talent. Her passing has extinguished a radiant light on the horizon of the Hemisphere. She created true poetry that transcends regionalism, sensibility, and mere music, to reach the spiritual plane. Hers was a message of love and piety. She wrote: "There are seeds of love that the planter does not see fall. They slip through his fingers, germinate, and one day burst into flower and fruit, much to his amazement." When Gabriela Mistral spoke, those seeds fell by the thousands. Deeply religious, she taught us the sublimation of grief into compassion. She is the poetess of motherhood, children, and flowers, of streams and mists on mountain peaks. She taught a whole generation to cherish all the weak and forsaken of the earth. Her poems are like prayers, frequently written in a Biblical tone.

In *A Defence of Poetry*, Shelley wrote that poetry "awakens and enlarges the mind . . . , makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world . . . , and redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man." Gabriela Mistral's work is both an example and a confirmation of these words. She found her greatest inspiration in her love for Chile and her fellow countrymen; while her brow touched the stars, her sensitive feet trod the dusty land. Anyone who has read Gabriela Mistral's work can readily see that, for her, poetry was always religion, and religion, poetry. This is the highest compliment that can be paid a poet.

Juan Marín

JUAN MARÍN
 Director, Department of
 Cultural Affairs



POWERED BY THE SUN

Progress report on solar energy

GUY BENVENISTE

WE ARE ALL AWARE that the sun plays a basic role in our daily lives, that its light is beneficial to men, to animals, and to plants. We realize that through the process of photosynthesis, using nothing but air, water, a little ash content from the earth, and sunlight, plants directly or indirectly produce our food, most of our clothing, much of our housing and furniture. We know that sunlight warms our planet, illuminates our lives.

On the other hand, we are not always aware of the tremendous quantity of energy the earth receives from the sun. It is not a concentrated form of energy like that derived from a fire or an explosion; nevertheless, we bathe in it from morning to night. Indeed, the sun has given us and is giving us most of the energy we use today.

Coal, petroleum, and gas, our most important fuels, are derived from solar energy collected by plants over a long period and stored for millions of years underground. Hydro-energy, the energy of falling water, is actually another form of solar energy. Collected as heat on the surface of vast areas of water, it is transported as water vapor and falling rain to the watersheds and waterfalls where we use it. The heating and evaporation of the water by the sun, with the consequent rise into the atmosphere, gives it the latent energy that is released when it cools, condenses, and falls.

Research engineer GUY BENVENISTE of the Stanford Research Institute in California recently spent several months in Latin America lecturing on solar energy.

Obviously, the material well-being we strive for depends on the availability of energy resources that do work we could never do ourselves. All the machines of our mechanized civilization need energy to operate, and without fuels our particular form of culture would collapse into misery and despair. It is therefore natural for men the world over to be concerned about the fuel reserves available to mankind. While hydro-energy and minor resources like wind, tide, and energy derived from firewood are essentially renewable, this is not true of coal, petroleum, or gas, or even of atomic energy as we know it today. These limited resources could not be renewed for millions of years, if at all.

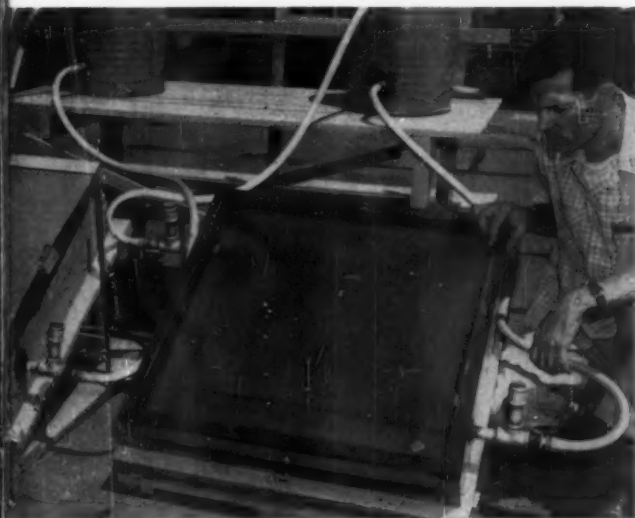
After appraising our total coal, petroleum, and gas reserves, the experts all seem to reach similar conclusions: we are in sight of exhausting our economically recoverable reserves. These estimates show that some regions will be in trouble in less than fifty years; in other areas reserves may last as long as five hundred years. Petroleum and gas seem to be the first fuels that will give out altogether; coal, which will be available for several hundred years in America and in the U.S.S.R., is already becoming scarce in Europe.

As our supplies of these fuels diminish, we shall have to rely increasingly on atomic energy. If we can obtain usable energy from fusion instead of fission, we may solve part of our long-term energy problem. But atomic energy, a concentrated, complicated form, will never be

simple to use. For example, it is doubtful whether a group of campers will ever take with them a small atomic pile to cook their food or light their tent. It is also doubtful whether atomic energy will ever become as economical as solar energy in all sorts of applications requiring small quantities of energy in isolated locations.

It will probably not be economical to distribute atomic energy in the form of electricity to every farm, or even every village, isolated in the forests of the Amazon, on the Mexican plateau, or in the valleys of the Andes. There is no denying that atomic energy will become the principal source of energy for large cities, for integrated rural areas, and for the industrial plants of tomorrow, but there will be countless requirements that solar energy will fulfill much more economically and with far less trouble and complication. For solar energy can be used where demand is low, with small, simple, easily operated solar devices located on the spot.

The amount of solar energy reaching the earth outside its atmosphere averages about 1.35 kilowatts per square meter. Of course, not all this energy reaches the earth's surface; some is reflected or absorbed by gas molecules, water vapor, and dust particles. The amount actually reaching the earth's surface depends on the clarity of the sky and the air mass the radiations must penetrate. At high altitudes at noon a large percentage of this energy is received on a horizontal surface, perhaps as much as 1.25 kilowatts per square meter. At sea level the amount is less, but at latitudes within the temperate



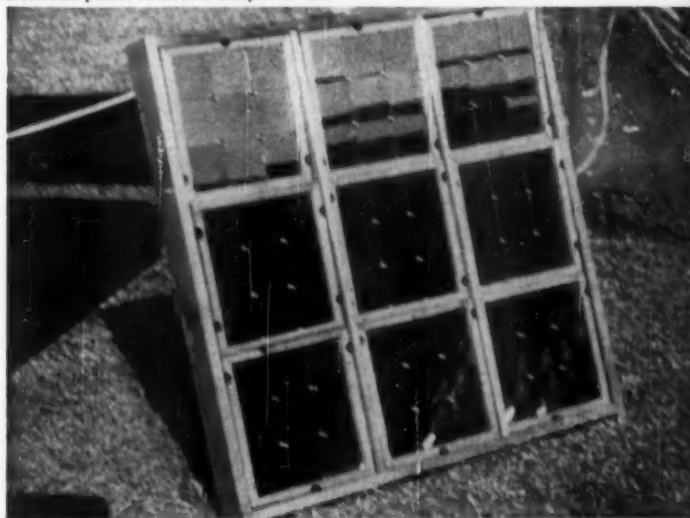
Typical flat-plate collector, one of many devices to trap sun's energy now being studied

and the torrid zones 0.9 to 1.1 kilowatts per square meter are not uncommon at noon on clear days.

In a real desert, more than three hundred sunny days per year are usual. In a good clear climate similar to that of much of the southwestern United States, we may expect nearly as many. This means that 2,200 to 2,500 kilowatt hours of solar energy per square meter strike a horizontal surface annually. If a tracking mirror is used to follow

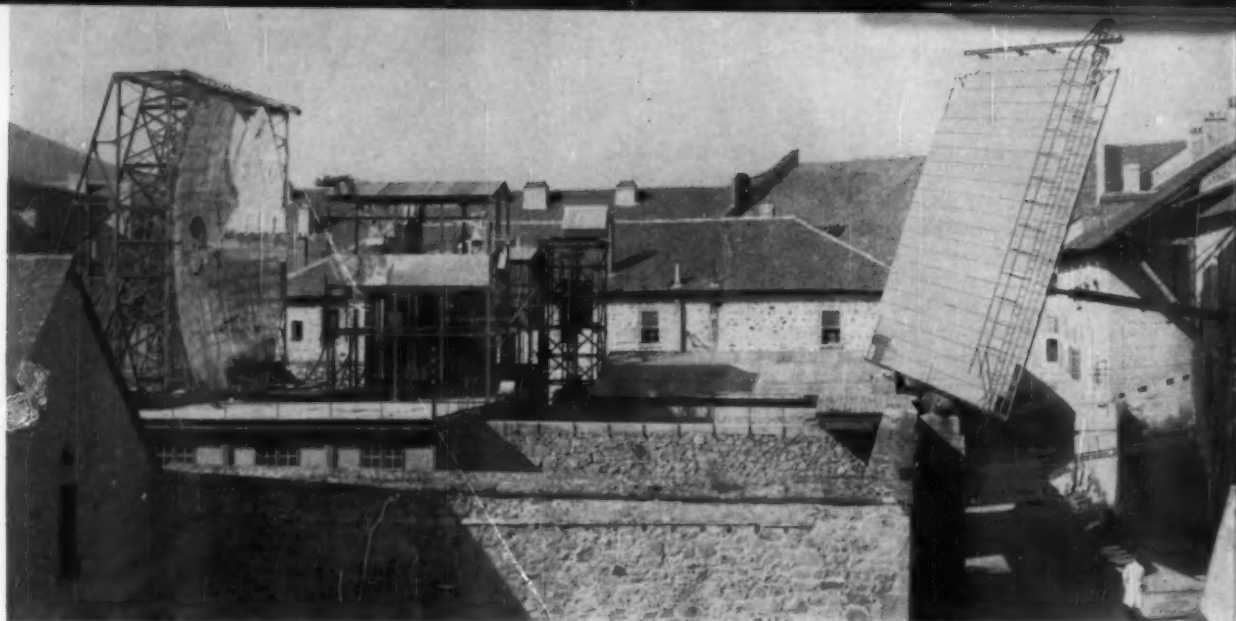


Bell Laboratories developed revolutionary solar battery to furnish electrical power to a rural telephone line



Concentrator developed in India is made of mirrors that reflect sunlight on a single spot, generates enough power to run a motor

the sun during the day, perhaps as much as 3,000 to 3,200 kilowatt hours per square meter is available. In other words, in areas of plentiful sunshine the rooftops of ordinary houses receive more energy from the sun than the houses receive through electrical wires. The amount available in the principal cities of the world is usually measured and sometimes published by the local meteorological stations.



Sixty-kilowatt solar furnace at Mont Louis, France, reaches 3,000 degrees Centigrade, is useful for research and industry

To use solar energy we need a device to collect it, store it, transform it, and finally deliver it in a usable form. There are many types of collectors. The earth is a vast collector. The leaves of plants are typical collectors devised by nature. With a flat-plate collector covered with protective sheets of glass, we may heat water or any other fluid. Solar energy penetrates the glass and heats the flat, black metal surface below; heat losses are kept down by the glass. The heat is removed from the collector by a circulating fluid.

A concentrating collector consists of many mirrors reflecting sunlight on a single spot. With this very simple device we can obtain a higher temperature and enough steam to run a motor or even a refrigerator.

Hoping to increase the efficiency of flat-plate collectors, researchers have worked with selective surfaces. Sunlight comes mostly in short wave lengths of three hundred to two thousand millimicrons. On the other hand, the thermal radiations emitted by a body heated to about 300 to 400 degrees Centigrade have wave lengths mostly above two thousand millimicrons. A selective surface absorbs short-wave-length radiations and reflects longer wave lengths, thus absorbing sunlight readily and emitting few thermal radiations. Dr. H. Tabor of the Research Council of Israel has recently reported developing such a surface for use in a solar power collector. Even this collector requires a glass cover to reduce convection and conduction heat losses. Such selective surfaces would permit the collecting of solar energy at higher temperatures, making the process much more efficient and practical. A large U.S. manufacturing firm is now examining possible uses for the Tabor collector.

Since sunlight is intermittent, we must also store solar energy. For example, to heat a house with solar energy, we must find ways to keep the heat at night and during cloudy days. In a solar-heated house built by Dr. Maria Telkes in Dover, Massachusetts, the energy was stored in containers of special salts that melt at a temperature

not far above room temperature and later release heat when they crystallize. Considerable heat can be kept in a small volume in this way, by using the heat of fusion of the product for heat storage. In other solar houses that have been built in the United States solar heat has been stored in large insulated water tanks or even in underground rock piles.

The storage problem is not always the same; it depends on how the energy is collected and how it is used. Some uses require no storage. A solar irrigation pump developed in Italy, for example, works only when the sun shines. But its capacity is sufficient for all water requirements without heat storage.

A solar battery recently developed by Bell Laboratories is made up of fantastic little black cells capable of converting sunlight directly into electricity. They have no moving parts, nothing but two dissimilar metals that somehow, when excited with sunlight, generate a small electric current. These cells are still expensive, which explains why they are not yet more widely used. They generate enough current to keep a common storage battery used in telephone operations fully charged.

Solar energy can be used as heat, mechanical or electrical energy, or even chemical energy. But a system must be provided to transform it. Sometimes this transformation takes place in the collector itself, as in the flat-plate collector. Here the metal absorbs heat from the sun and the energy is removed in the form of heat by a circulating fluid. The Italian pump is equipped with a piston, flywheel, and condenser that convert steam into mechanical energy. The solar cooker shows still another way of using solar energy. A paraboloid reflects the sun's rays on the cooking food. In this case transformation of solar energy into usable energy presents no problem.

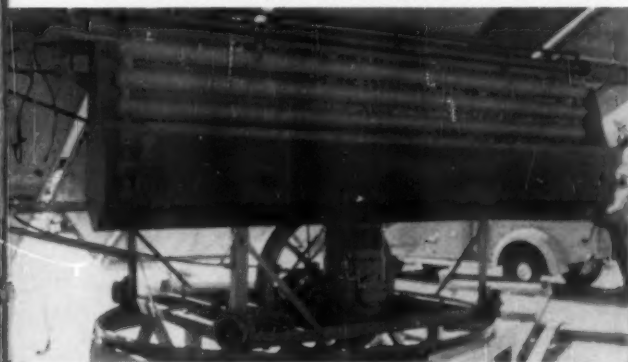
A more complex transformation process is now being studied by several research laboratories. This is the conversion of solar energy to power through the produc-

tion of hydrogen by the photochemical breakdown of water under exposure to sunlight. Several methods for dissociating water into oxygen and hydrogen are known. For several years Dr. L. J. Heidt, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has been working with ultraviolet light and solutions containing ceric perchlorate and perchloric acid. But the maximum theoretical efficiency of this method is low, since only a small portion of the sun's spectrum can be used. So far only small quantities of hydrogen have been obtained.

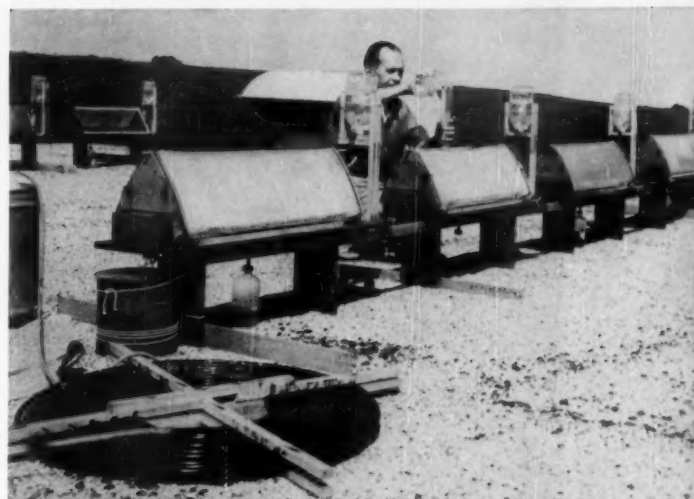
Dr. R. Marcus at Stanford Research Institute has been experimenting with different reactions to obtain hydrogen and oxygen. Since water is transparent and cannot directly absorb the visible part of the spectrum, it is necessary to add light-absorbing materials or photocatalysts to the water. These photocatalysts use energy from sunlight to initiate the decomposition of water. The first product of such decomposition will be either hydrogen or oxygen; the other component will be liberated in the regeneration of the photocatalyst. It is still too early to know



Seventy-kilowatt solar plant built in Egypt by an American in 1913



Collector of Italian solar pump. Irrigation device works only when the sun shines, requires no energy storage



Plastic solar still converts salt water into fresh through evaporation and condensation inside a triangular housing

whether this research experiment will be successful.

The obvious advantages of obtaining hydrogen in such a reaction are that the collecting surface could be relatively simple, requiring no insulation, and would therefore be inexpensive; that hydrogen can be stored easily and simply; that hydrogen could ultimately be converted into electrical energy at very high efficiency in hydrogen-oxygen fuel cells such as those now being developed in England.

Solar research projects now under way fall into five categories:

(1) Projects concerned with increasing the quantity of food available to man. Biologists and biochemists are studying natural processes that will permit an increase in the yield and the relative amount of solar energy captured by plants and converted into usable foods. This field also includes projects connected with preserving and cooking food with sunlight. This is very important in areas of the world where the poor, without other fuel to cook their food, resort to animal dung that would be more useful enriching the land.

(2) Projects for the conversion of salt water to fresh. While no economical solution has yet been found for converting large quantities of sea water for irrigation, the challenge is certainly still there. Considerable work is now under way in this field by the United States Department of the Interior. Salt-water converters are now used when human and animal consumption must be satisfied. In a typical solar still, fresh water is evaporated from brackish water inside a triangular glass hothouse and is condensed on the glass itself.

(3) Projects having to do with heating or cooling man's shelter. A search is on for a system that will use the sun not only to heat houses but to cool them as well. Such a system could also run a solar refrigerator, which would be most useful in hot, arid, and sunny parts of the world.

(4) Projects concerned with using solar energy as a

Solar collector on house in Dover, Massachusetts, which is heated by the sun. Eventually houses may also be cooled by solar energy



Like your hot dogs sun-tanned? Portable solar barbecue cooker uses paraboloid to reflect solar rays

source of power. Pictured on these pages is a seventy-kilowatt solar plant built in 1913 at Maadi, Egypt, by an American named Schumann—evidence that the sun as a source of power has interested inventors for many decades. It is entirely possible that solar power could be used in small quantities in isolated areas.

(5) Finally, very special projects concerned with obtaining high temperatures for use in research or industrial processes. This is done with solar furnaces like the one at Mont Louis in the French Pyrenees. These vast concentrators can produce, at the focus, temperatures of 3,000 degrees Centigrade or even higher. They can be used in a multitude of high-temperature processes, such as the refining of special alloys, the preparation of high-temperature ceramics, or the fixation of nitrogen for fertilizers.

Today a number of laboratories the world over are studying the utilization of solar energy. Probably the largest of these is the Solar Energy Laboratory of the French Government at Mont Louis. Here Professor Félix Trombe has developed the largest solar furnace in the world. The U.S.S.R. has a laboratory at Tashkent in the Usbek where Professor V. A. Baum has been working with large solar steam generators. The Indian Government in New Delhi is trying to use solar energy to help raise the standard of living of the Indian population. They have worked mostly with hot-air engines and solar cookers.

Here in America much work has been done, particularly in the United States and Canada. Dr. Farrington Daniels of the University of Wisconsin is considered the dean of U.S. solar-energy research and conducts a number of research programs. Programs are also under way at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the University of Minnesota, the University of Arizona, the University of California, the Stanford Research Institute, and New York University, to name only a few. In addition, many

industrial firms, such as Dupont and the Bell Laboratories, have made significant contributions in this field.

Recently an international Association for Applied Solar Energy was created in Phoenix, Arizona, for the purpose of fostering solar-energy research and use. This association serves as a clearing house, publishing news of solar-energy research and a journal in which researchers can present their results. In the fall of 1955 the Association sponsored the first world symposium on solar energy. This meeting was attended by a thousand people, with more than one hundred and thirty coming from outside the United States. For the first time papers on research projects then under way were presented to the public. Another symposium sponsored by the Association was scheduled for the end of January 1957.

Considerable interest in solar energy is manifested in South America, a part of the world that could put this source of energy to good use. Dr. Melchor Centeno of the University of Caracas, for example, is trying to heat fuel pipelines with solar energy—a project sponsored by the Creole Petroleum Company. Heating fuel pipelines as they cross arid, desolate areas reduces crude viscosity and hence pumping costs, and Creole would like to find a more economical way of doing it.

In Peru, Chile, and Argentina, a number of individuals and firms have expressed their interest in examining ways to use the sun. Solar water heaters have been used for a long time in Arequipa, Peru; in Chile various solar-research programs are now being planned at the University of Chile and at the National Institute of Technological Research and Standards. This last laboratory is even starting to test certain types of solar collectors. I have corresponded with six or seven people in Argentina who are interested in finding solutions for using the energy of the sun.

In Brazil, General Bernardino de Mattos, until recently head of the Brazilian Atomic Commission, has expressed to me his desire to see a program of solar-energy research started at the National Institute of Technology.

There is little doubt, then, that we are becoming accustomed to the idea of having to rely on solar energy in the near future.

Why can we not yet buy a solar house heater or a solar cooker? The answer is simply that, for the moment at least, conventional devices are cheaper to buy and cheaper to use. Some solar devices, however, are already economical, and they will be widely used as soon as they are available in quantity. Solar water heaters, solar cookers, solar cooling units are attractive, financially speaking, and even solar high-temperature furnaces and solar batteries are already in semi-industrial use. There is little doubt that, once mass-production techniques are introduced, the cost of these solar devices will tumble down to competitive levels. And further research will open new avenues and offer fresh solutions to the problems of solar-energy use. Solar-energy research is still in its infancy, and the solar pumps of today will doubtless seem to following generations as archaic as Blériot's plane seems to those familiar with jets and trans-continental missiles. ♦ ♦ ♦

children's THEATER IN RIO

Maria Clara Machado

FEW GOOD children's plays are written. Little prestige is attached to the art: children "demand nothing and understand nothing," it is falsely believed, and so they get the leftovers. Adults tend to write down to children; underestimating their intelligence, they explain too much, probably because they lose their own childhood the minute they begin to think. They forget the poetry of a child's world—an endless fairy tale in which it is perfectly reasonable for an elephant to sing operatic arias or for a snake to turn into a witch. Furthermore, the plays written for children are often tedious disguises for applied pedagogy. The stage has been a place where "grown-ups talk just like Teacher, only they're dressed differently." To put across notions of kindness, dependability, and other qualities that are certainly praiseworthy but cannot strike a child as anything but lukewarm, a fairy will stand in the middle of the stage and exhort his audience to be good, to brush their teeth, to do as Mother says. Until a child is twelve or so he will put up with this nonsense, but it will have soured him forever on plays for children and even for adults, and he will seek refuge in the movies. We have no right to complain that adults are deserting the theater

MARIA CLARA MACHADO studied drama in France and England and teaches at the schools of the Brazilian Theater Association and the National Theater Service. After founding a puppet theater during the fifties, she wrote a book on singing youth shows, which includes ten short plays. Her Tablado plays will soon appear in book form. She is the daughter of Aníbal M. Machado (see page 22).

Youthful audience responds enthusiastically to plays it likes. Many members have never been to a theater before





Attic home of Mrs. Ghost and son Pluft is scene of sinister treasure hunt in Pluft, o Fantasmilha



Three sailors break into the Ghost household to look for the kidnapped heroine, Maribel, and tell her where the treasure is



Little angels await birth of Saviour in O Boi e o Burro (The Ox and the Donkey), which presents Nativity as it appeared to animals in stable



unless we try to cultivate audiences among children.

How do you do that?

You give them plays that follow the same rules as those for adults. The stage is meant for play-acting, for the portrayal of make-believe situations, not for use as a classroom. If a lesson is intended—and there is nothing wrong in that—it must be acted out, not spelled out. A child understands mostly through his senses. Let those senses guide him to the bright world on stage and you need do nothing else.

Not many experiences can be so satisfying as writing plays for children and then seeing them actually performed—particularly the latter. In five years with the Tablado, an amateur theater in the southern Rio de Janeiro suburb of Gávea, I have written and directed four plays, learned a great deal about children and their reactions, and enjoyed myself thoroughly.

When the Tablado put on my first children's play, *O Boi e o Burro* (The Ox and the Donkey), I was fascinated not so much by the players as by the audience. The plot concerns an ox and a donkey who are discussing Christmas events in their very simple language when, to their amazement, all sorts of things begin to happen in the stable: shepherdesses come in dancing, angels tiptoe in, Oriental kings appear, and finally the Child is born. Frightened by the huge size and deep bass voice of the ox, the children would shrink against their mothers, but they went on darting quick glances toward the stage so as not to miss any of the dialogue between this strange beast and the stupid donkey, who simply could not understand the mysterious events taking place around him in the stable.

One seven-year-old boy used to come to the play every Sunday. When Jesus was about to be born he would scramble to his feet and peer eagerly around the little stage angels in front of the stable, from which the actress playing Our Lady would eventually emerge with a doll in her arms. We later found out that he was filled with curiosity about how babies are born and thought this was his chance to find out.

Children identify themselves so completely with the story unfolding before them that it is often difficult to break the spell after the play is over. Each performance is a new experience for the players. The audience is likely to change the pace of the play, add new dialogue, even create chaos. Some of our liveliest audience reaction was inspired by *O Rapto das Cebolinhas* (Abduction of the Little Onions), a mystery play I wrote in which a colonel named Felício dos Santos owns not only the recipe for a "longevity tea" but also three India-onion seedlings that are its indispensable ingredients. Imagine his chagrin when he finds one of the onions missing. His grandchildren Lúcia and Maneco, aware of his distress, go in search of the thief with the help of a flirtatious female kitten named Florípedes, a watchdog named Gaspar, and Simeão, the donkey. The case is eventually turned over to Alfacedo (Lettuce) the Chameleon, a next-door neighbor with credentials indicating that he is a detective with a U.S. university degree, but the thief is

unimpressed by his diploma and goes on stealing. In the end, Maneco discovers that the culprit was none other than the chameleon himself, who turns out to be a dangerous desperado long on the "wanted" list.

We once had a near-riot after a performance of this play, broken up by the parents just as we were at our wits' end. As the show drew to a close the audience invaded the stage to give free advice and to take a good look at the little onions. Obviously the curtain could not be lowered. Nor could the chameleon come on again, or he might be pounced upon (we remembered how he had been booed the previous Sunday); indeed, he was stoned as he left the theater.

As a matter of fact, villains are always booed when they come back for the curtain call—children will not stand for injustice. The good people, the heroes, become models to be imitated, loved, and never forgotten. For example, Gaspar the Dog was walking down a street one day when a tiny three-year-old girl, tugging at her mother's hand, said, "Mummy, look at Gaspar dressed up like a man!" The same actor, a primary-school teacher in real life, discovered in class one day that the sudden commotion behind him was caused by three little boys discussing the exact position of the tail he wore as a dog. He had to resort to authority to convince the students that their teacher was more important than Gaspar the Dog.

My latest play produced at the Tablado was *Pluft, o Fantasminha* (Pluft, the Little Ghost), which is about a little girl called Maribel and Captain Wooden Leg, an old sea dog after some treasure left by her grandfather, who was also a sea captain. Needing someone to show him around the grandfather's home, Captain Wooden Leg abducts Maribel and takes her up to the attic, which is now occupied by Mrs. Ghost, her little boy Pluft, and Gerundio, his uncle. Maribel manages to make friends with little Pluft, who is deathly afraid of people. Meanwhile, three sailors from the grandfather's old crew are trying to find her to tell her where the treasure is hidden, and together they finally defeat the greedy old captain.

Among the spectators was a five-year-old girl who, after sitting open-mouthed throughout one performance, finally dipped into her tiny white handbag and sent a one-cruzeiro coin backstage to Maribel: nothing less than her allowance would do as a token of her admiration. During the run of the play, the young man who played Captain Wooden Leg got married, and as soon as this bit of intelligence was printed in the newspapers an anguished little girl telephoned the Tablado to find out if this meant the Captain was carrying out his oft-expressed threat to marry Maribel. One afternoon, at the point in the play where Pluft turns to the audience and comments, "There's only one thing wrong with my mother: she talks too long on the telephone," an eight-year-old boy got up and said, into a dead silence: "Don't worry, Pluft, my mother is the same way."

Few of the little fans write letters; they prefer to wait around the stage door after the show and carry on long—and mostly silent—conversations with their heroes and

heroines. Then the next time they see the play they feel closer to the performers, and therefore braver. But some do write, and Pluft received a number of letters, includ-



Trees watch over Little Red Riding Hood's slumber in dramatization of nursery tale



The Hunter begins to suspect that "Grandmother" is actually the wicked Wolf



ing this one: "Dear little ghost, My Daddy says after the play we can shake hands with you. Is that right? Because this way we could tell you are not really a ghost and if you were a real ghost we would cry and run away. If we can shake hands with you please write a little note saying yes. If you don't write it means you are a real ghost. [signed] Eduardo Martins Neto." Needless to say, the little boy went backstage later and had a chat with Pluft.

We have had children between seven and twelve, mostly from poor families who could not afford even an occasional movie, who had never seen a "live" play before. Watching them is like seeing a show within a show, for they usually sit entranced and a little apprehensive on the edge of their seats as they establish their first contact with poetry and art. For the unfortunate truth is that Rio de Janeiro lacks adequate entertainment facilities for children. Anything that provides them, such as the Tablado and a few others of its kind, is welcomed with open arms. The children insist on coming back to see a play several times over, to the point that surfeited parents call us up and beg us to put on something different.

Actually, we had no such program in mind when we started the Tablado. It began as a puppet theater, but later we became ambitious and progressed to live actors and actresses with plays for adults (which we still produce once in a while). We soon became aware that we must reach the children if we wanted to assure ourselves of a good public later on. Above all the Tablado is a drama school, from which several actors and directors now on the Rio de Janeiro professional stage have graduated. In the past five years we have produced six short plays (by Cocteau, Ghéon, Molière, Synge, Joaquim Manuel de Macedo, and Gil Vicente) and five full-length ones: García Lorca's *La Zapatera Prodigiosa* (The Prodigious Cobbler), Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*, and Claudel's *L'Histoire de Tobie et Sara* (The Story of Tobias and Sara), all three specially translated for the Tablado, by the poet João Cabral de Melo Neto, my father, and Willy Levin, respectively; Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* in the Elsie Lessa translation; Anouilh's *Thieves' Carnival*, in a translation by Antônio Cândido Mello e Souza and Abílio Pereira de Almeida; and finally, J. B. Priestley's *Time and the Conways*, translated by Daniel Rocha.

Our auditorium belongs to the Patronato Operário da Gávea, and was generously lent to us by the ladies who operate this social-assistance center for workers' families. Though we owe our facilities to the sympathetic understanding of the Patronato, we are quite independent of it, have our own bookkeeper, and derive our revenue from the box office alone. Of course, since we are not charged anything for the use of the auditorium, we make a donation to the Patronato at the end of every season.

The need to go on with other forms prevents us from carrying on indefinitely as a children's theater, but we hope to inspire others to follow us and in the meantime to put on the very best children's entertainment we can. ♦ ♦ ♦

Meeting the Wolf, Red Riding Hood resists his blandishments but tells him where she is going



Apostle of the birds

GUILLERMO CANO

ANTONIO OLIVARES was born thirty-eight years ago in the little town of Anolaima in Cundinamarca Department, Colombia. He might well have grown up, like so many other children in the region, to be one more anonymous farmer. But a marked religious bent and a profound love of birds made him a priest and a scholarly scientist who has already contributed a great deal to our knowledge of Colombian ornithology.

The Franciscan father is a short, rather heavy-set man who wears strong glasses to offset the deficiencies of eyes that are tired from examining and re-examining the feathers, beaks, wings, and feet of thousands upon thousands of birds. In addition he is restless, with the same insatiable curiosity his winged friends display. His life has been divided between prayers and science, between reading and jungle expeditions, between writing technical papers and college teaching, between brief hours of sleep

and long vigils. He has already completed six hundred typewritten pages—the first volume—of his monumental work *Aves de Colombia* (Birds of Colombia), with one hundred and fifty illustrations, and has published hundreds of articles in specialized journals. He considers his country's bird life "the richest and most interesting in the world." What Father Olivares needs is time—more hours than day and night combined can offer him—in order to carry through his self-imposed task of studying all its species.

Someone has called him an "apostle of the birds." In view of his dedicated yet anonymous work, the title seems well deserved. He has found in ornithology a useful field for an agile mind.

Both of Father Olivares' main interests began at about the same time. Taken by his parents at an early age from Anolaima to Soatá, a town in Boyacá Department, an overwhelmingly Catholic region, he soon began to assist the priest at Mass, as most Colombian boys do. At fifteen he made up his mind to join a religious order.

In these childhood years, when we all hunt birds with

Colombian journalist GUILLERMO CANO, now free-lancing and working with the photographic and printing firm of Graficarte, writes about one of his most unusual fellow countrymen.

arrows or traps, Antonio Olivares already showed a marked scientific curiosity about their secrets. In Soatá, where there are many species, Antonio accompanied his friends on their hunting trips, but not to take delight in slinging rocks at the defenseless creatures. He wanted to study the shape of their wings, the color of their plumage, the length of their bills.

Antonio was eighteen when, in 1935, he began studying for the priesthood in the Franciscan Seminary at Cali, capital of Valle Department, in the heart of one of the most beautiful sections of the country, tropical in climate and the home of an astonishing variety of birds. "My religious vocation," he explains, "had a decisive influence on my scientific vocation. When I realized that as a religious I could carry on scientific work—which occupies me more every day—I found my real niche." Antonio took charge of forming a small museum, named for Friar Roger Bacon, to include nearly a hundred mounted and identified pieces. Nevertheless, he was still somewhat confused about just what he wanted. The museum was extremely heterogeneous, housing in addition to the bird collection a complicated exhibit of insects, reptiles, and many other tropical animals. Still, Antonio's bent was clearly scientific, and he published his first zoological article in the seminary's review. In Bogotá, where he continued his theological studies, he founded another museum, this one named for Fray Diego García, a celebrated Colombian Franciscan botanist.

By now he was reading every book or magazine he could put his hands on, anything that had to do with ornithology. He observed bird habits that would be indecipherable to the rest of us. He showed real concern for the *copetón*, a variety of sparrow that is a favorite of *bogotanos* because it feeds in parks and home gardens. "The *copetón*—*Zonotrichia* (or *Brachyspiza*) *capensis costaricensis*—is a bird that follows man," he wrote. "You rarely find one in the midst of the jungle. But if you travel through completely uninhabited territory, when you reach the solitary hut of some brave colonist . . . you will be sure to find a *copetón* in the patio, virtually playing, like a pet, with his children. The *copetón* loves man. Unfortunately, man does not love him as much. The species, at least in Bogotá, is threatened with elimination."

The few free hours following his religious studies Antonio devoted to writing brief articles for scientific journals and to studying taxidermy. (He has a diploma in this difficult and complex profession.) In 1947 he was solemnly ordained a priest, and the Franciscan community, in recognition of his merits, offered him his big opportunity—a chance to study in the United States.

With a letter of recommendation to Dr. Alexander Wetmore, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and a notice of admission from Catholic University, he set out. His baggage was quite different from that of the general run of Colombian travelers to the United States: no sports shirts, no cameras, no jewels, hardly any dollars. The one hundred and sixty pounds were made up of religious vestments and the skins of Colombian birds, of the most incredible colors—from

reds that hurt one's eyes to the smoothest white, from bright blue through emerald to a yellow that the best modern painters would envy. When he unpacked his bags in Washington, his fellow students were amazed: a slice of the Colombian fauna had been transferred from the Cauca Valley to the neighborhood of the White House.

While studying at the University he worked on birds at the Smithsonian Institution under the direction of Dr. Wetmore and Dr. Herbert Friedmann. In November 1948 he returned to Colombia and became a biology professor in the Franciscan Seminary in Cali. By August 1949 he was back in the United States again, with a new collection of eight hundred birds. Two important results came of his stay in the United States. The first was the decision to specialize in ornithology. His courses at the University were in the general field of natural history, but his particular interest and his work at the Smithsonian gave him a rich background for ornithological work. Second, he determined to concentrate on research and identification and classification of Colombian birds. For his M.S. degree, which he received in May 1952, he wrote a 150-page thesis, *Colombian Birds Collected by Antonio Olivares*. The manuscript and the skins he left in the National Museum as a gift to science. Unfortunately, the thesis has not been published. Previously he had lost much time dissecting birds, curing their skins, stuffing and mounting them. Now he realized that the important thing for him to do was to collect birds, study them, describe them, and place them in scientific collections, not to go on arranging displays for popular museums.

During an academic vacation, his scientific curiosity led him to Chicago, where he helped identify an interesting collection of birds from the Colombian Pacific coast at the Museum of Natural History.

"North American birds interested me," he recalls, "but my real passion was the Colombian species. Therefore, although there were opportunities on week-end expeditions to get acquainted with rare U.S. species, I gave all my free time to finishing my work on the skins I had brought with me."

On his return to Colombia, the Franciscan order called him to its Virrey Solís Secondary School in Bogotá. While pedagogy is not his main preoccupation, he does a good job teaching biology both to the secondary-school students and to boys in the Ecclesiastical Department of the Catholic University (Pontificia Universidad Javeriana).

Besides teaching nineteen hours a week, he manages to carry on his research, shuttling between the classroom, the Institute of Natural Sciences of the National University, and his small office. His work fills his vacations too, for he spends them with birds—dead or alive, as the case may be.

In 1952, shortly after his return from the United States, he organized a vacation bird-collecting expedition to Soatá, his home town, where his parents, sisters, and brother still live. Soatá is in the eastern cordillera, in the northeastern part of Boyacá Department. The area Father Olivares studied on this trip covers about seventy-five



Father Olivares with a toucan, a pelican, a frigate bird, and others from his varied collection

square miles, in three different altitude zones. The lowest, comprising just under eighteen square miles, lies along the Chicamocha River, reaching almost to the town of Soatá. The temperature here varies between 64 and 72 degrees Fahrenheit. The soil is of uneven quality and very dry. Artificial irrigation is used, and there are plantings of sugar cane, corn, tobacco, tomatoes, and yuca. You also find banana groves, and fruits such as orange, mango, cherimoya, avocado, sapote, guava, and tamarind are grown on a small scale. The middle zone, thirty-nine square miles of well-irrigated land, is intensively cultivated, producing mainly corn, beans, tomatoes, arracacha, alfalfa, and feed grasses. The high zone, with another eighteen square miles, has some thick, humid forests that are the source of irrigation water for the fields below. Unfortunately, however, that water supply is diminishing day by day because of the uncontrolled cutting of the trees. The expedition was unable to collect birds in the highest part of this zone, but brought them back from the rain forests of the sector called Alto de Onzaga. Father Olivares failed to find certain species of the *Cracidae* and *Ramphastidae* families that the farmers used to catch there

and bring into Soatá for popular religious festivals.

This expedition, which lasted from December 8 to January 26, was highly successful. Five hundred and twenty skins were gathered, representing one hundred and eighteen species and subspecies belonging to thirty families. Some of the birds were especially important, either because of the novelty of finding them in that particular area, or because the specimens were rare. Two of the species had never been found anywhere in Colombia before. These were the magnolia warbler (*Dendroica magnolia*), which spends the summer in western Canada and generally winters from southern Mexico to Panama, and *Seiurus noveboracensis limnaeus*, a subspecies of the northern water thrush. A report on the birds encountered, written by Father Olivares and José Ignacio Borrero, ornithologist of the Institute of Natural Sciences of the National University, was published in the scientific journal *Caldasia*.

After another year divided between classrooms and the Institute, Father Olivares got out his meager jungle equipment and headed for the Vaupés district in the Amazon Basin. This time he spent only five days in the jungle, flying directly to Mitú, which is only some seventeen miles as the crow flies from the Brazilian border. This small town at an altitude of 787 feet above sea level has an average temperature of 78.8 degrees Fahrenheit. In the outskirts the jungle has been cleared to provide a landing field, pastures, and fields for crops, which do not seem to thrive. Father Olivares found two characteristic zones in the area's forests. The first, along the rivers and something over a mile wide, is subdivided vertically. The lowest level is composed of mosses, herbs, shrubs, and vines forming an impenetrable web between the trunks of large trees. To make your way through, you must cut not a path but a tunnel. A middle level consists of the upper parts of the shrubs. There the vines, hanging from higher trees, seem to form an even tighter net that catches dead leaves, fallen branches, and rotting fruit, all of which makes the lower level darker still. The upper stratum comprises the tops of the tall trees.

Back of this riverside zone is another, in which the forest is made up mainly of trees eighty to a hundred feet tall and averaging two feet in diameter near the base. Here two strata can be distinguished. In the lower one, the forest floor is more or less free of herbs, shrubs, and vines, but covered with quantities of rotting leaves. In the rainy season the ground is flooded and swamps up to six feet deep are formed in places. The upper level corresponds to the branches and treetops.

The forest in both zones is of the hygrophytic type: the soil is so humid that when a trail is blazed it is quickly flooded and the natives have to chop down trees and lay the trunks side by side in the path to walk on. Father Olivares found a prodigious wealth of birds in both zones.

The Vaupés forests are the most extensive in the country, covering virtually all of the district's fifty-eight thousand square miles. They are broken by many rivers and lagoons, and here and there are clusters of native huts. According to the local missionaries, there are some

nine thousand Indians, belonging to twenty-eight different tribes, each with its own dialect.

"From Mitú," Father Olivares narrates, "I went down the Vaupés River, in a canoe manned by five natives, to the mission post of Santa Cruz de Waracapuri. Although this is only twelve miles overland, the trip took eight hours because of the winding course of the river and the rapids, caused by outcroppings of hard sandstone rocks . . . that rise like small hills in the river bed. To pass these falls, everyone gets out of the canoe, which is held by cables (the natives use vines) as the violent current carries it down until a smooth channel is found again. Upstream, of course, the going is harder, for the men must haul the canoes by cables or vines from the shore or from slippery, dangerous rocks.

"I observed a great many birds on islets and over the stream, where flocks of swallows, gulls, and—at dusk—nighthawks hovered and swooped. Along the banks there were herons, kingfishers, and other aquatic birds. The bird population of the trees along the shores is just as numerous. Unfortunately, because of the short time spent in the forest on the trip, I got only seventy-two specimens, representing forty-three species and subspecies of twenty-seven families."

I asked Father Olivares whether he had ever met with an accident in these dangerous lands, full of poisonous reptiles and ferocious beasts. "Fortunately, none," he replied. "I have seen all kinds of reptiles around my feet, but I don't pay any attention to them. Luck has always been with me. I've just gotten a few scratches from branches and briars. Nothing important."

This brief expedition was not without results. A small dove never before found in Colombia, *Columbigallina passerina griseola*, was collected in the stubble near a jungle village—the only one of the species sighted on the trip.

The priest-naturalist carefully measures woodpecker of a species never before found in Colombia, collected in Pacific coastal forest

Father Olivares' latest excursion to regions little known to the white man took him to the forests of the Colombian Pacific coast. Almost the very day his biology courses at the Virrey Solís School ended for 1955, he set out for Guapi, in Cauca Department. As always, his baggage was kept to a minimum: cassocks, changes of underwear, a shotgun with the necessary license, a mosquito net, and, of course, the wooden crucifix with which he hoped to win new souls for God and protect himself from the unknown perils of the jungle. Also, in his knapsack, a number of ordinary whistles, the kind football or basketball referees use or children play with. These are actually his most precious hunting weapons. With them he imitates the strangest birdcalls to lure his prey.

Accompanied by several stalwart Indians, suffering countless hardships, and facing new dangers every hour, Father Olivares collected the specimens for the most important research of modern times on the bird life of this region. In the woods he used his whistles. Near the coast he hunted in the open, with his shotgun, measuring his targets so as to cause as little damage as possible to the skins. Late in January 1956 he came back to civilization with twelve hundred skins and new hopes. But he had had enough of the tropics and was suffering from an incipient case of malaria, forestalled with the drugs he had wisely taken along.

It is a pity that Father Olivares cannot devote full time to his research. By August he had only made a start on the identification and description of the specimens. But he had already found two species new to Colombia: a black-winged, white-breasted tern, *Sterna fuscata*, and a blackish, red-crested woodpecker, *Dryocopus lineatus fuscipennis*.

In addition, Father Olivares studied many other fascinating birds on this expedition. The "sleepy turkey," a guan, for example, turned out to be hard to find because it has almost slept itself into extinction. It also gives away its nesting place by its call, and men love its meat. Father Olivares identified it as *Penelope jacquacu aequatorialis*, discounting another classification made by other ornithologists. This bird's range extends north to Nicaragua and south to western Ecuador.

One of the species he found most interesting is a snake-eating hawk, commonly called *guaco*. Father Olivares considers it a crime to kill this bird, for it keeps the jungle free of poisonous serpents. The inhabitants of the Guapi region believe that a hunter who kills one will lose his aim, or if a father does it, his son may die. In the stomach of the bird Father Olivares captured there were three deadly undigested snakes. The natives say the bird is immune to their poison.

There is a long way yet to go in the task Father Olivares has set for himself. Only the first volume of his *Aves de Colombia* is done, and from the looks of his material, I would say he will need at least another ten. It may be a long time before the true importance of his work is appreciated. In the meantime, he is killing himself with work, but every minute he spends with his birds seems to rejuvenate him. ♦ ♦ ♦





Neocolonial house designed by Rafael Marquina around 1925 respects traditional motifs in doorway, walls, balcony

BAROQUE

and modern

in LIMA

HÉCTOR VELARDE

THE GEOGRAPHY, the history, the culture of the American nations show a tremendous variety of intensely individual characteristics, of forms and colors. But nowhere are the differences and similarities more striking than in architecture. Perhaps they can best be studied by observing the various ways in which these countries have assimilated or adapted contemporary architecture, in itself rational, functional, and supremely international.

For example, the admirable modern architecture of Brazil was a brilliant and unusually creative outburst, substantially free of traditional fetters of form—colorful, neat, and virgin. In Mexico, the process was different: a violent rupture with the colonial past and a more or less explicit, but always intense, seizing hold of indigenous roots—a more complex architecture.

Now, what has happened in Lima, Peru? We can see the impact of the new architecture best in the field of house building, in which the process is always flexible, intimate, and, above all, freer of financial obstacles.

What was the traditional Lima house like? Colonial

HÉCTOR VELARDE, one of Peru's most active architects and a professor of architecture, is also a humorist. AMERICAS has carried several of his light, satirical essays and stories.



Play of masses and suggestive use of iron bars make a modern house by Santiago Agurto Calvo fit the setting

Lima streets were unmistakable. The traveler's first impression was that he was in some Moslem city. This Arabic atmosphere was engendered by the profusion and variety of wooden balconies hanging over the street like cages and enclosed like closets, echoes of Cairo. Many elements had a hand in transporting this Islamic balcony to America: the mild, rainless climate, so like that of Egypt; the heat and dryness of the coastal lands, so reminiscent of North Africa; the first settlers, who were mainly from the Moorish parts of Spain, Estremadura and Andalusia. Looking at the streets more carefully, the visitor would note the Spanish doorways, high and decorative; the barred windows, low and protruding, adorned with flower-pots from Seville; and the massive back-

ground of thick adobe walls, seemingly sprouted from the Indians' native soil. The houses, generally two stories high with plain, asymmetrical façades, touched one another, forming, as it were, a single adobe wall, varying in height and divided by isolated arrangements of doorways, gratings, and balconies. The outside walls were tinted over plaster in warm, bright tones: indigo blue, yellow, ochre, and a deep rose like the "rose of Lima."

The doorways of the sixteenth century were sober in their plateresque or Herreran lines. Those of the seventeenth were of a compact baroque, sometimes very luxurious but always strongly unified in bold relief. The eighteenth saw beautiful entrances given vast and elegant undulations under churrigueresque and, later, French influence, when the arched, rather than rectangular, opening appeared.

Stone porches were rare; they adorned only a few palaces. Often porches were solidly built of brick, in neat moldings and reliefs, but the usual thing was to make them of adobe, shaping the edges and projections with mud, by hand, as one models clay. This direct technique of shaping forms, and the plasticity of the material, gave Lima's doorways a feeling of latent life, and there was a special charm in the general proportions of masses and the heavy projections of cornices, ornamental brackets, and volutes.

The history of Lima architecture could be indexed by its balconies. Those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are made of small rectangular panels, combined in varied and subtle Moorish designs, with an upper fretwork of small balusters. Those of the first half of the eighteenth century generally have wider, curved lower panels, often developed as a frieze between two bands of small panels. Later in the century the balconies became Gallicized, with Louis XV panels, center medallions, garlanded borders, and graceful oval openings. At the end of the eighteenth century, the balcony acquired a classical look that lasted down to the early nineteenth century and the first years of the Republic: it had small Corinthian or Ionic pilasters, openings in the shape of Roman arches with carved spokes, and Greco-Roman cornices supported by denticles and brackets. The balcony itself remained the same, repeated through three centuries as a living part of Lima architecture; only the decoration changed with the spirit of each era.

Most of the interior floor plans were worked out along a longitudinal axis, with an arrangement similar to that of Greco-Roman houses. These were plans that had a long Mediterranean tradition behind them, stemming from remote Latin forms passed along through Spain. The odd thing is that in Spain itself the floor plans are not as faithful to this tradition as in the old mansions of Lima.

Just inside the doorway was the vestibule, an intermediate area between street and patio that also gave access to the front rooms, known as "grated windows." This entrance hall ended in a low arch, supported by heavy pilasters, separating it from the patio. This arch was one of the most repeated and characteristic motifs of Lima architecture.

The patio, which was always rectangular, had rows of rooms—parlors or bedrooms—on one or both sides.



Colonial building on Matavileja Street shows unity between Spanish wooden elements and heavy walls

In the early years of the Republic, neoclassical details replaced Spanish touches in the woodwork and door openings

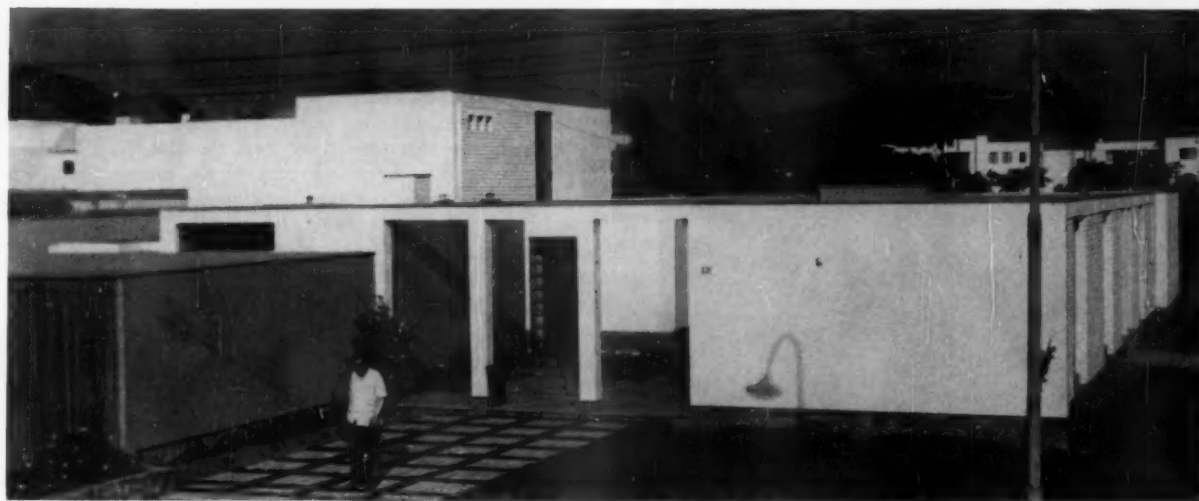


Running across the back of the larger houses was a big reception room corresponding to the tablinum off the atrium in the Greco-Roman floor plans. The side rooms usually, the main one almost always, gave direct access to the patio through an arcade lined with fine wood columns; this was the peristyle. Generally the most luxurious carpentry is found in the carved brackets and beams of the entrance-hall ceiling, and in the typical forked capitals. The graveled floor of the patio was divided into sections by a central path and side branches paved with marble or flagstone. Pots of flowers and other plants adorned these open, yet intimate, settings.

As to building materials, first of all there was adobe—the same earth and the same walls as on the age-old

merely ornamental. The traditional Lima house, with its colonial floor plan, balconies, and grated windows, could not give way so quickly.

Toward the middle of the second half of the nineteenth century French academic neoclassicism blossomed in Lima. Some French and Italian architects appeared on the scene. There were no native architects. Indeed, engineers were the people considered qualified to practice architecture. The traditional entrance halls and patios went out of style. On the façades, as on a theatrical drop curtain, adobe, *quincha*, and paint imitated perfect stonework, with fine outlined Greco-Roman motifs and projecting cornices for protection from imaginary rains. The first ornamental roofs made their appearance: tile



Walls make familiar pattern in new architecture of San Gabriel suburb. José García Bryce, architect

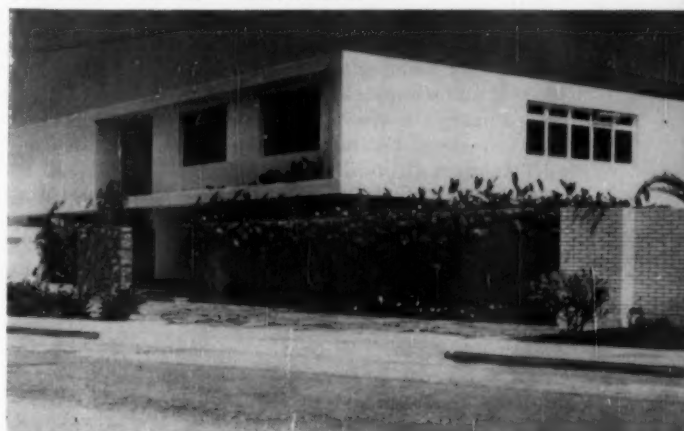
Indian buildings along the coast. The thick adobe walls gave the house its fundamental structure. On the second story the partitions were made of *quincha*, thin single or double wooden walls furred with cane and plastered with mud. Beams supported flat board roofs topped with a thick layer of mud to absorb humidity and keep out heat. This was an architecture of contrast—contrast between the massive, sober, and pompous character of the clay and the delicate, fragile, and luxurious quality of the wood—an organic, plastic, and colorful architecture.

In rejecting peninsular domination, the independence movement also rejected this architecture reminiscent of Spain, without realizing that by now it had become Peruvian. Moreover, the rejection revealed ignorance of what true Spanish architecture was. So the first “republican” buildings were erected. The native techniques of adobe and *quincha* gave body to graceful façades with fluted pilasters, clean classical entablatures, neat triangular pediments, Roman Doric capitals, and balconies with a series of round arches and perfect Ionic and Corinthian cornices. The patios took on something of the aspect of the peristyles of republican Rome. Symmetry ruled all this academic design. But basically these changes were

roofs with fancy gutters, false dormer windows, crestings, and even fake lightning rods.

After 1870 (the time of the Franco-Prussian War), the neoclassical influence of Italian artists left its mark on our buildings. Then the war with Chile paralyzed all

Another protruding balcony, but in a modern design, in Country Club district. Fernando de Osma, architect



architecturally significant construction until the turn of the century, when a renaissance occurred. This was an era of truly extraordinary eclecticism, an era of bad taste that freely mixed the "funeral pomp of classical architecture" with the "art nouveau" of 1900. The small mansion became fashionable; Parisian-style boulevards were laid out, lined with tile-roofed and guttered houses. The first English-style cottages appeared, and mud, *quincha*, and paint had a field day with the free and improbable forms of the art of Munich.

In 1914 the Panama Canal was opened and World War I began. New materials and fresh inspirations came our way—steel and reinforced concrete, progress, comfort, U.S. and English models of cottages and villas, foreign technical magazines, skyscrapers, futurism, cubism. Crowning this came the prosperity of the early

sky. In its antiquated and mestizo baroque, that architecture kept alive the spirit of unity of the Peruvians—united ethnically and in their sense of proportion, of relief, of plasticity, and of structure. One could not have asked then for a fuller expression of truth in architecture. Now many Peruvian architects, conscious of the treasure they possessed, with better technical preparation, and with their sensitivity developed through the discovery of architectural riches all over the country, began to create Peruvian architectural types. It was not a question of merely copying the architecture of the past, but of interpreting it, suggesting it through the new materials and the demands of the modern architecture then being introduced. The result was exaggerated, deformed, but sometimes a fresh solution emerged, without violence and full of charm. The spirit of that traditional architecture penetrated deep. It was architecture that felt at home, reborn on its own soil. This spirit was manifested in many private houses and in apartment buildings, small churches, provincial hotels, and some public buildings.

In the houses that turned out best, the first thing that attracts the eye is the plastic play of the masses. They captured thoroughly the traditional and physical characteristics of the indigenous and colonial architecture, which never made a fetish of structural form but was essentially modeled. The significant elements were the relief and the color born of the land, of the native work-

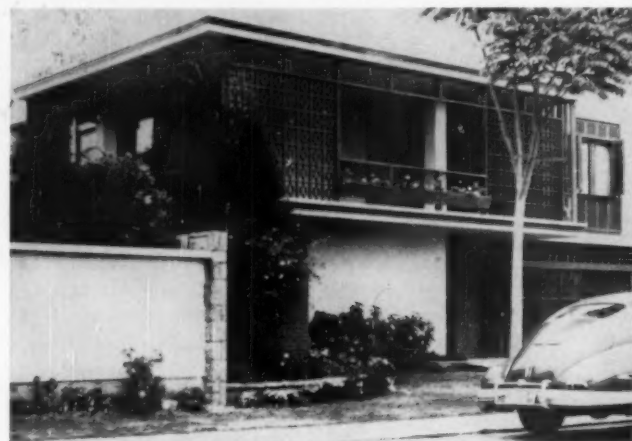


Adobe walls and enclosed wooden balconies with Moorish flavor are characteristic of early colonial architecture in Lima

twenties, the awakening of a new economic and social era for Peru, the desire for progress, and the architects' lack of training. These were years of real yet productive disorder in building. On the one hand, it produced absurdity and caprice, and, on the other, it reached to the very roots of the country's traditional architecture, which had been sleeping silently for a century.

This great artistic heritage, profoundly faithful to the environment and to the materials employed, showed up the artificiality of any foreign architecture that did not respect its spirit or that used its age-old clay as a disguise. The rebirth of what we can call a Peruvian architecture came around 1930, with the construction of many buildings in a neocolonial style.

The architects understood that what was Spanish and what was native in Peruvian colonial architecture were one and the same; that its forms, rhythms, and coloring were those of the Peruvian landscape, climate, race, and



Compare this balcony and subtle use of wood in contemporary home by architects Alfredo Damert and Gerardo Lecca

man's hand, and of Spanish baroque saturated with the local environment.

From approximately 1930 to 1945, the traditional pattern was enriched with mestizo and Indian regional contributions, but at the same time all this was stylized, altered, or fragmented by the irresistible tide of modern architecture—rational functional architecture that had stemmed from the war of 1914 but had hitherto been either unknown or ignored here. At the beginning of this period the "Neo-Peruvian School"—an attempt to fuse the native and the Spanish with the modern—achieved some isolated work of interest. Then came the so-called "Andean style," which has produced a number of attrac-



A pre-Columbian wall in the Palace of Puruchuco, near Lima. Adobe remained chief building material after Spanish conquest

tive houses with regional color.

This attempt at synthesis has survived in some architects down to the present day, but greater breadth and flexibility have come to mark its applications. The stylizations are more subtle; the picturesque and the ornamental are only occasionally stressed; there is a strong tendency to use broad, smooth surfaces, neat and strong volumes, large glassed areas, clear and luminous coloring. The new architecture has absorbed the plasticity of the old and made it transparent, more accessible, more responsive to the needs and techniques of building, of comfort, of today's life, achieving buildings and houses of charm and character.

Since about 1945, as was to be expected, functional architecture has been winning ever greater authority. The School of Engineers not long ago started teaching this kind of architecture, and recent graduating classes of young architects spread it and strive to practice it with doctrinaire devotion. This movement, which should have started ten or fifteen years ago, brings us up to date.

But with this functionalism "to the death," what happens to the traditional style that made its way from the Andean valleys to us by way of the leafy world of the baroque? Does it disappear?

No. Something very natural happens. Centuries of life, art, and culture cannot be wiped out; they fuse into the new in one of two ways—one categorically functional and one basically evolutionary.

The first solution, considered the only authentic and possible one by the purists of contemporary architecture, is based on the idea that if a building truly suits its function, if it is made in the place, for the place, with local materials and, better yet, by a local architect, it will automatically express the traditional pattern. Following this line of thought, we have seen some very interesting efforts that reveal the baroque quality of our environment and forms, transfigured into contemporary design.

The second approach entails incorporating the new into the established environment by adaptation, stylization, communion. The functional abandons strict logic and enters little by little into the customary pattern, which, in turn, yields ever more to its demands. Tradi-

tion, shaped to function, is used deliberately to make the work express the environment within the new concepts. There is nothing automatic here, but an intentional process of harmonizing often contrary forms. Examples of this, in widely varying degrees, are numerous. We see modern houses, strongly influenced by the new spirit of architecture—at least so far as their exterior is con-



Modern version of compact traditional wall appears in house designed by the author, built about 1945

cerned, and that is what the public sees—charmingly affected by rhythms, volumes, colors, and even explicit motifs from our authentic art. They have character and grace. But others artificially superimpose isolated, useless bits of functionalism on traditional forms, or, inversely, manage to produce only confusion and archaism with their little pears, volutes, or colonial doorways directly reproduced from the past and without contemporary significance. It is entirely possible for a modern, functional house to be much more Peruvian than a house with Peruvian ornaments. It is a question of sensitivity, of art, of knowledge. The result could be analogous to what Gropius achieved with the Chinese architect L. M. Pei in the Museum of Art in Shanghai—a work of art unmistakably Chinese, but without dragons, bells, or pagodas, and just as unmistakably modern.

Our problem is similar, not because we are Chinese but because we too are of a race and civilization that are very old and homogeneous. We have had to go from the ancient Indian culture to the latest thing of today by way of the complexities of the baroque—which molded the Peruvian sensibility and way of thinking for three centuries.

In any case, a road has been opened for Peruvian modern architecture, with very pleasant prospects. The coloring and even the interiors and patios reveal transparently the spirit of the authentic and familiar houses of the past. Something similar is happening in each of our American lands. For they are fertile lands, each individual, yet all linked through an enormous wealth of color and forms. ♦ ♦ ♦

a word with

**EDWARD
LAROCQUE
TINKER**

"IT ALL STARTED, at the ripe age of eleven, with a *charro* outfit that my parents gave me on a trip to Mexico. The silver-mounted saddle, the sombrero and embroidered leggings, were my introduction to a new world." So reminisced the tall, white-haired New Yorker noted for his Latin American collections.

"Later, as Assistant District Attorney in New York, I tried cases involving Mexico. When I moved to El Paso, I decided to travel there. I met Porfirio Díaz and got to know the country as it was before 1910. I saw something of revolutionary Mexico too; and, by chance, helped treat Colonel Obregón's wounded in his battle against Huerta at San Joaquín, Sonora. I was also in Pancho Villa's train at the battle of Celaya.

"Years afterward, in 1943, I rounded out my knowledge of Mexico while speaking to post-revolutionary

Bronco-busting on the pampas. Accuracy of detail is characteristic of F. Molina Campos' gaucho caricatures



Edward L. Tinker, author, lecturer, and collector of Latin Americana

audiences on a Carnegie Endowment for International Peace lectureship. I had always felt that Latin Americans heard too much about the material aspects of the United States. So my subject was its idealistic literature. I talked about Benjamin Franklin, the practical idealist; about Emerson, the romantic idealist; about Thoreau and his individualist ideals; about Melville, Stowe, and Twain.

"Let me tell you a story that involves an interesting piece of research. It shows the great consequences an exchange of ideas between peoples can have. Thoreau, as you may know, read all the books in Emerson's library. Among them was a pamphlet by Etienne de la Boetie, a survivor of the religious massacres in sixteenth-century France, setting forth the doctrine of non-cooperation with the authorities in cases of conscience. I think I've been able to establish parallels and similarities that support the notion that Thoreau's essay on civil disobedience was inspired by this pamphlet. You know, of course, he went to jail for not paying a dollar poll tax: he said it was contributing to the support of slavery and would help buy a gun to kill a Mexican in the war that was then threatening.

"Incidentally, the Voice of America read this pamphlet back to the French resistance movement during World War II. Well, I've also found out that Gandhi was given a copy of Thoreau's *The Duty of Civil Disobedience* by one of a group of New York labor leaders whom he met in London in the 1890's. Gandhi later admitted it suggested his passive resistance; so that, in a sense, the republic of India can be said to owe its existence to the idea handed on by Thoreau."

When the State Department sent Dr. Tinker as an exchange lecturer to Argentina and Uruguay, he took

naturally to the pampas—as a horseman would who had already made himself at home in Chihuahua and Sonora. He conceived an admiration for the now vestigial *gaucho*, who had given birth to a whole literature, was the backbone of Argentina's independence and cattle wealth, and was the source, through the songs called *payadas*, of much memorable poetry. The gaucho provides Dr. Tinker with a point of departure for discussing all the things North and South Americans have in common. During his stay he started his collection of books and materials on the gaucho's life. This collection includes volumes bound in unborn calfskin and rare Latin American editions. Most delightful of all, he has gathered together a complete set of the items that make up the gaucho's equipment: bridle and bit; the flat whip, or *talero*; the tube-shaped tobacco pouches made of the neck skin of the rhea; horn canteens; star-shaped spurs five inches in diameter; ponchos; the *facón*, a long multi-purpose dagger; showy belt clasps called *rastras*; and so on.

He also collected a series of drawings and water colors on the subject by the Uruguayan illustrator Castells Capurro, an artist he personally discovered. The collection of caricatures by the Argentine Molina Campos is

tion, and I already have some paintings by Navajo artists."

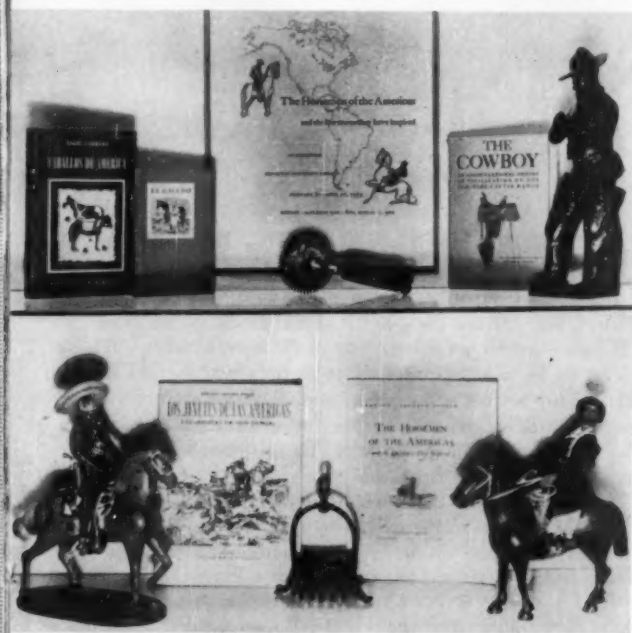
On the gaucho, Dr. Tinker has written *The Cult of the Gaucho and the Birth of a Literature*, a monograph that appeared in 1948, and a book that came out in both English and Spanish in 1953, *The Horsemen of the Americas and the Literature They Inspired*.



Drawn by Uruguayan E. Castells Capurro, these gauchos are hunting rheas with whirling bolas

"For years I've also collected material from and about Haiti," Dr. Tinker added. "This interest became invaluable when I was asked to translate the Marcelin brothers' *Canapé Vert*; I also designed and illustrated the English edition. The Creole expressions in this book made it difficult for most translators, but the similarity to Louisiana Creole speech made it easy for me; you see, earlier I had published extensively on the Creole dialect of Louisiana. My collection of Haitian grammars was also a great help. That material, along with everything I had gathered for an exhaustive bio-bibliography on the French writers of that state, where my wife was born, I gave to the Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts. You see, I like to make sure my collections will not be dispersed.

"But after all's said and done, the real importance of such materials is the purpose they can be made to serve in bringing together all kinds of Americans from all parts of the Hemisphere, including the wonderful places I have yet to see," he added with a twinkle, as if to say he would gladly spend his next seventy-five years continuing the good work of his last seventy-five.—V. T.



Display of works about the horsemen of the Americas includes some by Dr. Tinker. Note figures of cowboy, charro, and gaucho

mercilessly satirical of the hardy roughriders but completely accurate as to the clothing, equipment, and settings of gaucho life.

Dr. Tinker plans to leave his gaucho treasures to a western college interested in the tradition of the horse. "I hope to get the collection housed in a Hall of the Horsemen of the Americas. To it," he says, "one could add material on the horse in American Indian culture. The American Indian deserves a place in such a collec-

short story by **ANÍBAL M. MACHADO**
illustrations by **RALPH ROBINSON**

WE WERE climbing slowly. When we got to the top, I would find out where we were going. Not find out—guess. But the men said nothing; they only grunted on the steeper slopes. I wasn't *that* heavy. On the contrary: after so many days in the open, I had been shrunk a good deal by the sun.

I knew these roads. Often in the past, when I was drunk or worn out, I used to fold up on the pebbly road-bed and lean against the saddlebag while my dog sniffed for fleas and my mule cropped the grass at the side of the road. I would only waken when it thundered farther up, afraid of being swept away by a flash flood, or when I heard one of the big trucks that had begun to invade these mountains since they opened the highway, which led over that slope.

The drizzle cleared away from the valley. I didn't know why the cocks were still crowing. We reached the top, where a coconut tree cast a short shadow toward the mine.

It must have been a little past noon. I hoped we would go in the opposite direction from the shadow. Not that sun or shadow made any difference to me, but I preferred this side, where the mule track must still be.

The men stopped. Then they made up their minds: we were going by the new highway! Just as I wanted us to. The day turned bright. I had never seen it like this. I was happy.

There was Josefina coming up, with her baby in her arms. I wanted to say hello to her, but I couldn't. If she knew who was going by! She passed without realizing.

On the temporary bridge one of the men stumbled, and my body rolled off. They went and fished it out. I had been afraid they would just leave it to wash downstream. I was beginning to be less indifferent to its fate.

In the distance—a bloodstain on the vegetation—a gasoline pump, the first in these isolated mountains. Then the inn. The landlord shouted, as his eye fell on my remains: "What's going on up there, the way they're sending dead people down? This is the second!"

The men did not answer. They were discouraged, I don't know why. They wanted to get rid of me then and there—leave me in a ditch, as they had found me. Before, I wouldn't have minded. But now I had been struck by a whim: to get there first, to win the race. They kept going, lugubriously.

How far ahead was the other one? A muleteer told us farther on: "I ran into him a couple of miles from the church. I lifted the covers. Know who it was? Antão the orchid-hunter. Stank, poor fellow."

The noted Brazilian writer ANÍBAL M. MACHADO, born in Minas Gerais State, was educated in law but soon abandoned it for literature. He has written short stories, prose poems, criticism, and movie scenarios, and is a former president of the Brazilian Writers' Association. His daughter Maria Clara, one of six, is the author of "Children's Theater in Rio" on page 7. The work of RALPH ROBINSON, Washington, D. C., illustrator, is familiar to AMERICAS readers, though anonymously: it includes the series of cartoons that have appeared at the head of "Books" and "Points of View."



THE FIRS

And, recognizing the quality of the goods on the litter: "If you want to get there first, you'll have to hurry. It's going to be a great party. They're only waiting for the stuff. They seem to pay pretty well. I've never heard of such a thing—buying a corpse for a cemetery!" ended the muleteer, with a guffaw. Then, glancing at my wrapped-up body: "Look, his foot's sticking out!"

It was only now that I realized why I was being carried: the people in Arraial Novo had set up their first cemetery, but had no deceased to inaugurate it. So they had asked around the neighborhood.

It was getting dark. The men were now faced with a flat waste populated by toads and glowworms.

"Swallow your rum and get going!" I said impatiently.

My voice made no sound, but it had an effect. The men hoisted the litter to their shoulders and I started off again, my face turned to the first star.

One of the men was bald, the other had a mustache. They crossed the marsh. If they hadn't known the way so well, the three of us would have been stuck in the mud. They hardly spoke.

"Get that bluebottle off your forehead," I shouted to Baldy. That is, I tried to shout. The man shook his head.

"If we don't get four hundred cruzeiros we take him



T C O R P S E

back," said Mustache.

"I'd settle for three hundred," replied Baldy.

"But he doesn't even smell!"

This was my advantage over my competitor. From the conversation, and from our haste, I gathered that we had better catch up with the other one on the bend by the banana grove before sunrise. At this thought, they shifted me to the other shoulder and began to walk faster.

In the darkness a file of country women appeared. As I came up, they fell to their knees, crossing themselves. The youngest asked a question, to which Baldy replied, without stopping: "No, he wasn't shot; he just died."

"Hurry, hurry!" I shouted, without being able to shout.

The men were beginning to fear that other corpses, besides the one in front, were closing in on Arraial Novo. There's always someone dying in these isolated mountains. But what with the cold of the past few days, and the advent of the trucks, it would be easier than ever to find a dead man rotting by the roadside or in the forest.

The interest of the men carrying me was in arriving first and negotiating a profit quickly; mine was in winning the race against my colleague up ahead.

"He can't be far away now," said Mustache. "You can smell him."

In the distance the banana grove loomed up, its cold-parched leaves waving in the wind. I felt a certain contentment that I had never felt in life. Not exactly ordinary contentment, but a return of the feeling almost extinct in me when they picked me up in the ditch, that I was still wandering near my body and would do so for some time.

That carcass was more than forty years old. I floated out in front of it like the light cast by a lantern.

What a pleasant journey this was! It was so clear that I could see all that went on in the vicinity of my body.

And there went the muleteer Fagundes—that *was* my name, Fagundes, wasn't it?—being carried down on a litter to the cemetery of Arraial Novo.

Why all this haste to open it? Why not wait for some local dead people? Life was good there, I knew. There was plenty of water, there were cornfields and mills, fertile lands and strong men. No one would feel like dying there just to inaugurate a cemetery.

"Hey, Mustache! Hey, Baldy! Hurry up!"

By the Mulatto Girls' Creek we overtook the others. They were going to lose. Aside from everything else, their merchandise was spoiling so fast that it might be rejected even if it arrived first, while my body, lean and sun-cured, seemed intact.

My men passed by without a word. The others watched in a rage. My ectoplasm explored the area without finding anything. As if there was nothing left of that other fellow.

Catching a glimpse of the settlement among the trees in the distance, the two men breathed a sigh.

I was greeted by a band of children amidst a general barking of dogs. They laid me on a platform that was waiting for me in the middle of the little church. They ran to tell the schoolteacher, while in the doorway my two men discussed the price.

The curious were arriving. They uncovered my face. It was the first time they had ever seen a dead man. At the sight of my one tooth stuck in a pale gum, they burst out laughing. Most of them were boys.

"Now the cemetery will be a real cemetery," said one.

"There goes our soccer field," sighed another.

"I don't think we should have fallen back on a dead man from outside," argued a third.

"It's a disgrace for our region!"

A dog came in. His barks echoed in the little nave. Then an old woman entered and knelt beside me, silencing the boys and the dog. As the boys left, with handkerchiefs to noses, they met on the steps an ill-smelling bundle wrapped in newspapers and banana leaves. It was the other fellow. A good way behind, on a cart, came the third contestant. Three dead men altogether.

The boys got indignant. Arraial was being invaded by putrid people. Disgusting! They went to complain to the Founder: in their haste to open the cemetery the women were flooding the village with corpses! One—well, that would have been all right. But so many! Wasn't that dangerous, Founder?

That was what everyone called this robust old man, three times married, the leading citizen and almost the

sole owner of this village that he had filled with children and grandchildren.

"Settle it with the women. They're the ones who invented this business of a cemetery. For my part, as I've already said, when my time comes I'm going up and die in the forest."

Suddenly one of the boys grew sad.

"Don't fret, boy," said the Founder, slapping him on the shoulder. "I'll see that you get another field."

"It's not the field I'm thinking about. It's the dead men."

"He's pretending, Founder," interrupted a companion. "He is too thinking about the field, and nothing else. Me too. Our club was challenged, you know that. We've been practicing every day. Now, after the burial, what's going to happen?" He added slyly: "Is just one dead man enough to make a proper cemetery? Not only that, but a fellow nobody knows, who isn't a citizen of Arraial."

"That's right, that's right," I whispered in the boy's ear. But he didn't hear me, he *couldn't* hear me.

"It's your fault," said the Founder. "I ordered a cemetery and you made it into a soccer field."

"But not on purpose, Founder, not on purpose!"

"Even the measurements are the same, so they tell me."

The first boy had been silent, his face troubled. Now, in a rush of feeling that overcame his timidity, he said to the old man: "Founder, we've never had anything like this here. No one ever talked about death. Everybody only thought about working and living. You can save our team. The game is scheduled for the end of the month. People will be coming from all around. Our club is new, but we're sure to win. It will be an honor for Arraial. If it's all right with you, we'll get rid of the body, the inauguration can be postponed, and in three weeks we'll make another cemetery. Perhaps even a better one than this."

"It's too late," replied the Founder.

It really was. The old women had already washed me and now they were changing my clothes.

I had never been so well dressed. They stripped off my rags and put me into some kind of black coat, part-way between a suit jacket and a frock coat. I turned out to be a very passable corpse. Clean, anyway.

The teacher assumed a mournful air. Dressed in black also, her face doleful but tearless, she was in charge of the burial. Other women surrounded her. She was behaving as if she were my widow.

Perceiving in the Founder's behavior a certain indifference to the funeral preparations, the boys made up their minds not to show up, and even took to undermining the inauguration ceremony. They offered two arguments: one, that I was not a resident of the place; the other, that filling the village with corpses would bring on an epidemic. Just ask the doctors in the neighboring city.

The Founder made short shrift of the latter argument by ordering the roads blocked and the other dead men disposed of at once. To the former, the women replied that we never know when our own time will come, or what will be done with our remains.

The boys listened in confusion. Such a subject had never occurred to them.

"Yes, you don't think about it, because you're young," insisted the women. "You should know that in this world you don't only die of old age. Let's give a little thought to the future. Remember that death clings to our skin."

And as the bells were beginning to toll, announcing my burial for the next day, the boys retired in defeat. They went down to the little square, with bitterness in their hearts.

"That's that. We'll have to put off the game. What a thing to happen!"

In the talk around the fountain, terms hitherto unknown in Arraial were being bandied about—"bier," "coffin," "funeral," and others, introduced by the schoolteacher.

The girls did not seem downcast. They would have to do without the soccer game, true enough; on the other hand, they had the funeral to make up for it. The first public ceremony of its kind in Arraial. Many were home getting their clothes ready.

The sight of me dressed in black, surrounded by candles and by women praying or pretending to pray, had impressed the boys. They could still hear the old woman's gloomy warning, reinforced now by the tolling bell. They gave up their campaign against the burial. Sure enough, their field was going to become a cemetery.

I certainly was a convincing corpse. The children climbed onto the platform to sneak a look and recoiled, scared away by the spear of my single tooth.

Next day, the people got up early. It had been a strange kind of night, with everybody going to bed convinced I was beside him. The dogs howled unceasingly. No face showed at a window. An immense, omnipresent dead man presided over the Arraial night.

As a matter of fact, I didn't spend a single minute beside my corpse. That job was taken care of by the schoolteacher and one old woman.

I floated above the roof tops, I crept lightly into the houses. I was at people's side during their most intimate activities. How simple they all were behind closed doors! When they dozed off, I touched the backs of their necks lightly. Just barely, enough to feel them shiver. No one saw me. I was sorry I couldn't materialize, as in the days when people believed in ghosts. I couldn't even blow out the lamps lit because of me. Perhaps because my ectoplasm was losing its strength and it wouldn't be long before my body disintegrated.

I'm reduced to the minimum, I thought. But I'm perfectly well able to take a look at the cemetery where they're going to put me this afternoon.

The gate was in place, the walls freshly whitewashed. The grave was open. The goal posts had been taken away. Too bad—the place was really much more like a soccer field than like a cemetery. I wondered what the boys would do now.

The bell began to toll, the dogs to bark. The time was coming. I went back to my body, to attend the funeral. The same woman was there. (Why don't you let me go, teacher!)

Oh, if only I could speak out loud. What a funny way of looking at a dead body!

I was being lifted. The atmosphere was festive. Everyone but the Founder accompanied me. He had said he had to cut some stumps up the hill and had vanished, leaving Dona Maria, his wife, sick in bed with a baby coming. He didn't want anything to do with death. He said he didn't like the cemetery.

I didn't like it either. Mainly because of the circumstances of my burial—that horrible bell that sounded more like confused hammer blows. I had never heard the death knell so badly struck. The people were behaving with relative decorum. At least, they did their best. The boys came along, after all. Reluctantly.

The women's funeral aspect concealed enthusiasm. Some only just managed not to smile. I was close by, watching. From time to time they would remember and put on a show of distress. True distress reigned behind, however, near the band, where the boys were still lamenting the loss of their field. In compensation, they flirted with the girls.

"Not here," said one of the girls. "Look at the dead man!"

"Go ahead and let him," I whispered in her ear. "Don't worry about that fellow up front; he's just an abandoned corpse fixed up by old women with nothing to think about but death."

She seemed to have heard me.

The procession passed through the iron gate. My coffin was laid down near its final resting place. I was getting bored with my enforced role. To awaken so many sad notions in a village so carefree! I claimed no respect for my body. Was it going into the grave now? Just a moment. Let me fly over.

The priest was finishing his Latin phrases. Then he spoke of the meaning of the ceremony, presented to the future dead of Arraial Novo their true dwelling place, and exhorted the people "to think always of death." When he had finished, everyone looked down and pretended to be grieved.

Next came some fine words from the district alderman. He said that we were burying here one of the last mule-teers of our beloved region, "a race that is being extinguished before the progressive advance of trucks," and that he had known me (where? how? he had never seen me, I had never voted!) and had an important statement to make: "He was not a stranger to this place, he was born right here." Cheap demagoguery—Arraial wasn't thirty years old! The boys smiled, and resolved under their breaths to expel from the club that sallow fellow who had stooped to the role of gravedigger.

The schoolteacher came forward and gave instructions. The girls surrounded me, and a wave of happiness washed over me. The aura of youth emanating from them! What to do with so much springtime going to waste? My ectoplasm brushed their necks. Only my ectoplasm. The invisible caress raised shivers on their skin, while the little band played a mournful tune under the trees.

It was time for me to go down. And who was that at the edge of the grave? My mule, with its packsaddle

on! Oh, little mule, I'm glad you haven't forgotten your old master. Poor thing! You look a mess, like a discarded toy. And behind you, showing her white teeth in a smile, half hidden in shadow, who do I see? Izabela! Remember, Sweetheart, when we went swimming in the river? The only good moment of my life. Now I can't come, mule. I can't, Izabela. Don't you see I'm very busy inaugurating?

The skyrockets exploded and the old women rejoiced. They did everything but cry. In a frenzy they tossed a rain of flowers over my body. Then, lumps of earth, as if they were stoning me. They embraced and bade each other happy goodbyes. They had prepared a site for their remains.

The gate closed behind them. I remained inside, like a china egg. Waiting for the dead who were bound to come.

I remained, that is, in a manner of speaking; I was forever going out. At first my ectoplasm was lulled by the idea of my body's burial, and for days I lost my



memory, took a deep dive into the void. But I came back. In a little while I even took an excursion to the town square. There was a shrub there where I liked to hang out. A girl passing by suddenly stopped, startled, and looked at me without seeing me. I lost no time in getting back to the cemetery. And a good thing, too, for a stray dog, the same one that had barked in the church and growled all through the funeral, was scratching furiously at my grave, in the direction of my bones. Thinking of his teeth, I felt an unpleasant sensation similar to what in life is called terror.

After all, I belong to my body; I can't get very far from it without running the risk of dissolving forever.

Frankly, what I disliked was being the only tenant of this place. As the boys said, one swallow doesn't make a summer, and one grave shouldn't make a cemetery. Lately they had been coming home late and tired. They smiled whenever they saw the old women. The women didn't catch on; they were satisfied with their cemetery.

The Founder had his suspicions, but he pretended to know nothing. To make sure, he resorted to a stratagem:

"Well, is the challenge still on?"

"We'll be playing all the same."

"Going to lose?"

"What else? We haven't any place to practice."

"Why don't you talk to the schoolteacher? She has the key to the gate."

"But she only opens it when she goes to pray there."

"For a dead man nobody knows," added another boy.

"That's it exactly," exclaimed the Founder. "They have invented death in Arraial Novo."

Indeed, the old women couldn't let the cemetery alone. They would come in the afternoons and kneel. They weren't praying for me, they were praying for the future dead, they were praying to death. A little while ago, the schoolteacher came. Bending over the grave, she murmured only: "José, my José. . ."

Now, José wasn't my name. I had forgotten my name, to be sure, but I knew it wasn't José.

The Founder was right. The spirit of death had taken over Arraial. Only yesterday I noticed this when I was resting among the shrubs in the square. Everyone silent and sad, waiting for the church to open. The only ones I didn't see were the boys. It's the cemetery, I thought; it's my presence.

For several days now, while one part of the population occupied itself with routine tasks, the other had been busy questioning its soul.

The old women were saying that anyone who had any doubts should simply go out there at night. Strange sounds were heard, running feet. If it hadn't been for the noise of the mills, the whole village could have heard it. On learning this the population felt a certain pride: there were ghosts already at the cemetery of Arraial Novo!

One surplus dead man, one simple muleteer, had the power to change a flat piece of ground, an ordinary pasture, into a cemetery. Everybody must respect the cemetery now, and the souls that passed through it.

Almost always, there were twenty-two of these souls, besides another few who remained a little apart, watching. They would climb the wall and pull on their shorts hastily as soon as they were inside.

Washerwomen passing by and overhearing would run away. If they had had the courage to check up, they would have recognized familiar shapes in the moonlight.

I loved it there then. I would take part in the game, get into the play. I did everything but shout. I don't know why nobody noticed my presence. Sometimes the ball went over the wall into the next field. One of the players would wrap himself up in something dark and go after it. Then the game would resume. Suddenly, for no reason, it would break off.

"What was that? Who whistled?"

No one had whistled. It was me blowing the referee's whistle. I would often join in without anyone knowing, just to liven things up, just to show I was there, seeing, sharing. They would put in a new referee, but the scoring would still go crazy. No one suspected. Before sunrise, the field would be deserted. The "ghosts" would depart and I would remain. I would remain. It was too bad,

having to miss the bull sessions.

I enjoyed waiting for other night games. Sometimes the boys would be late and I would get impatient. First they would toss in the ball; then I knew they were near, getting ready to climb over. The ball would roll to a stop near my grave. Waking up, I would quickly mount the wall and voicelessly call to them. Then another lively game would start.

I gave up the whistle episode, not only because it might scare off the players, depriving me of the spectacle, but because I feared the declining strength of my ectoplasm would become all too obvious.

The old women were becoming suspicious. Not all of them. And of course nobody would have if the schoolteacher hadn't come across my wooden cross lying on the ground. It was the boys' fault; they had forgotten to set it up again the last time, when morning surprised them and they had to make a dash for it.

"No ghost did this," she said suspiciously. "Who could it have been?"

The women went back to the Founder to complain.

"That's no business of mine. Talk to Dona Maria, but after the baby comes; she's in labor now."

"But they were playing soccer on the cross! It's a sacrilege!" exclaimed the schoolteacher.

"It was only some ghost," explained one of the boys.

"Or perhaps somebody kicked a ball over from outside," said another.

"They couldn't because of the wall," insisted one of the women.

"It had to be a curve, and no one here knows how to kick like that."

"Zequinha used to," recalled the gravedigger.

Now, everyone knew Zequinha ran away with the alderman's wife; he was such a good player that she eloped with him.

All that the boys could count on now was the mediation of Dona Maria, who hadn't been doing well since the baby came.

From then on there was no more soccer-playing at the cemetery. A closer watch was kept and my "ghosts" did not appear.

I felt low. I wasn't strong enough any more to fly to the village. I wasn't strong enough for anything.

I could no longer see very clearly what was happening on the other side of the walls. The landscape was dissolving before my fading sight.

The song of a laundress beating clothes still seemed to ring in my ears. So far away.

But something was happening at the entrance. The gate was opening wide! People were coming!

Oh, is it you? Come in, make yourself at home. I couldn't be responsible for this whole cemetery all by myself. I'm fading. . . . Space closed in on me. My time was up.

I could only see opaque figures frozen in the act of kicking the ball. And that fixed thing, the last spot of distant light, that must be the sun.

Come in, Dona Maria, welcome to your cemetery.

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OAS

FOTO FLASHES



The President of Venezuela, General Marcos Pérez Jiménez, at right, welcomes Dr. José A. Mora, Secretary General of the OAS, to Caracas, for the First Book Festival of the Americas. The second leg of Dr. Mora's trip included the inauguration of the First Inter-American Technical Meeting on Housing and Planning in Bogotá.



The Colombian painter Ignacio Gómez Jaramillo is currently exhibiting at the PAU. Looking at the one-man show are, from left to right, Dr. Juan Marin, Director of the Department of Cultural Affairs; Colombian OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado; and Mrs. Delgado.



Venezuelan Ambassador to the United States César González (right) recently conferred his country's highest decoration, the Order of the Liberator, on Philippine Ambassador Carlos P. Rómulo (center) and OAS Ambassador Juan Bautista de Lavalle of Peru. The Peruvian diplomat was honored for his valuable service on the OAS Council.



Also in Bogotá for the meeting was Dr. Washington Bermúdez (right), Inter-American Economic and Social Council chairman. Here he discusses housing questions with Mr. Eric Carlson, Director of the Center, and housing experts César Garcés, Alec Bright, and Luis Florén.



Colombian soldiers of the blue-helmeted UN Emergency Force in Egypt help themselves to hot food at Abu Suweir transit camp near Ismailia. Note UN armbands identifying members of Force that has brought together contingents from Canada, Colombia, Denmark, Finland, India, Norway, Sweden, and Yugoslavia.



Going up to OXFORD

IGOR BOUSSEL

U.S. STUDENTS have been going to English universities—especially “up to Oxford” as Rhodes Scholars—since the turn of the century. But Latin American families sending their children abroad to complete their education have generally favored France, Belgium, Germany, or, after World War II, the United States. To be sure, several distinguished representatives of earlier generations attended Oxford: the Bolivian diplomat and financier Carlos Víctor Aramayo, for example; the Peruvian Aprista leader Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre; the Mexican writer Manuel Romero de Terreros; the financier Agustín Edwards and the lawyer Carlos Atienza Pedraza both of Chile; the Guatemalan jurist José Aguilar de León; and the Brazilian diplomat Mauricio Nabuco. Still, by and large, England was ignored.

Now, however, Latin Americans are availing them-

selves of this traditional meeting place for students from all countries. England, in turn, is demonstrating a new interest in Latin America. Monographs on the various countries are being turned out by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London. Exchanges of students and lecturers have begun. In 1954, for the first time, as many as a dozen Latin American students were registered at Oxford from Mexico, Guatemala, Argentina, Paraguay, Venezuela, and Nicaragua. Several scholarships are available to Latin Americans through the British Council, and a Hispanic Society is flourishing.

One of the first things non-British students learn about Oxford is that its legendary founder was King Alfred (a mythical Spanish king named Cantaber accounted for that other great English University, Cambridge). At both, teaching in monasteries and religious houses preceded the establishment of a university. In the twelfth century many English students were trained in France, so it is not surprising that when Oxford was formally organized it was modeled on the University of Paris. Pope Innocent IV confirmed its rights and privileges in 1254, sixty-four years before Cambridge was founded.

The late young French poet and economist IGOR BOUSSEL won a two-year scholarship to Oxford for his thesis on methods of financing the petroleum industry in Latin America, then took his master's degree at Tulane University, New Orleans. He was en route to Guatemala to take part in a Tulane research project when he died in an accident at Ciudad Valles, Mexico, at the age of twenty-two.

The need for suitable housing for the growing number of students and teachers flocking to the new university was met by residential hostels or halls, which they often owned jointly. Next came regular colleges, financed then as now by a succession of wealthy benefactors. They were self-governing institutions with permanent endowments and their own buildings, which contained living accommodations, a chapel, a dining hall, a library, and lecture rooms. Today Oxford University consists of twenty-four colleges for men and five for women. The oldest, University College, was endowed in 1249, and the youngest, St. Antony's, was founded just about seven hundred years later in 1947, by the late Antonin Besse, a Frenchman, to attract his compatriots and students from Western Europe. Each college retains its own traditions and peculiarities handed down over the centuries, yet remains part of the greater University. Thus Oxford has often been compared to a federal union, of which the colleges are the component states or cantons.

Oxford's objectives, like those of any good university, are twofold: the advancement of learning and its dissemination among students. Both are essential, but teaching obligations often conflict with efforts to pursue research. Although this problem has become more pressing in recent years, its existence has long been recognized. As far back as the fifteenth century, for example, the College of All Souls, which has produced a number of England's leading men, was founded to give more emphasis to research; Nuffield College, a recent establishment not strictly a part of the university, was created to explore the social sciences. Queen Elizabeth House, a

Students and onlookers have gathered to listen to carol singers from top of Magdalen Tower, centuries-old Oxford landmark



new center of research on colonial and Commonwealth affairs, was established in 1955. An Institute of Latin American Affairs is a possibility for the future.

To join Oxford University, students must first be accepted by a college on the basis of an examination. Candidates also compete for scholarships; the winner



Punters muster by Oxford's Isis River for May picnic. Social season traditionally reaches peak during this month

is a respected—and comparatively rare—figure, expected to surpass his fellow students in academic work. The university also conducts its own qualifying examinations—called “responsions”—and holds its own admission ceremony—matriculation—for which the freshman is presented by his college authorities. Responsions may be avoided by producing a reliable general certificate of education; matriculation is merely a formality involving payment of an entrance fee.

Each college has between 150 and 350 undergraduates and graduate students. Undergraduates usually live in college quarters for the first year, or possibly two, then take “digs”—a room in town. “Dons”—as faculty members are called—as a rule also have rooms at their colleges, although they may be married and live with their families in the pleasant hilly Oxfordshire countryside. All must be attached to some college, even if their duties are confined to lecturing at the university; most are Fellows of the college, appointed nominally for five or more years (usually, in effect, for life), with clearly defined rights in college government and administration. Their work includes teaching, lecturing, and research.

The college rather than the university normally pro-

vides the background for undergraduate existence. While the university prescribes the curriculum and conducts the examinations, each college supervises undergraduate studies and appoints suitable tutors. The close personal relationship between an undergraduate and his college mentor provided by the tutorial system is one of the most valuable features of an Oxford education. Each undergraduate is assigned to an appropriate don, usually of his own college, who will advise him on all his work problems. When the tutor actually lives in the college, the weekly formal hour or so is supplemented by many an informal meeting, and, if the acquaintance ripens into friendship, the don may be consulted on almost every aspect of student life. For instance, the tutor advises on the amount of time that can safely be devoted to politics or sports, or on the choice of a career. Once a week, the undergraduate must visit his tutor and read an essay he has prepared on some previously agreed-upon subject. After offering comments and suggestions, the tutor assigns the next week's topic.

The undergraduate also acquires learning by attending lectures and by reading (Oxford contains many excellent libraries, most of them part of the world-famous Bodleian, which, by act of Parliament, receives a free copy of every book printed in England). Devised in the Middle Ages when paper was dear and printing not yet invented, the time-consuming lecture has lingered on into the twentieth century.

Today everything conspires to make Oxford a more serious place than it was one, two, or three generations ago. The extremes of wealth and poverty, of drudgery and luxury, that marked English social life in the thirties have all but disappeared. Vanished is the P. G. Wodehouse university, the playground of rich young men indulging in wild orgy and gay prank, thoroughly despising work, deliberately violating every rule, sinning with charm, and breaking the law with impunity. In the past, undergraduates could be divided into those who worked and those who idled. If an undergraduate neglected his work, that was his affair. Gibbon, the historian of Rome, who left Oxford without a degree, fell into this category, as did Camden, now revered as one of the founders of English archeological and topographical research, and the famous present-day novelist Evelyn Waugh.

One young gentleman of wealth was advised by his preparatory school chaplain that if he went into residence at Christ Church (the aristocratic college *par excellence*), he need not ponder any tome "except those excellent books, the Stud Book and the Racing Calendar." Some traces of this leisurely eighteenth-century atmosphere lingered in the Oxford of forty years ago, when a Christ Church man would take a taxi rather than be seen in the street carrying a parcel, and it was still possible for an able man to cover in about three weeks of concentration all the reading that was necessary for a degree.

Of late, work has become everyone's main activity. True, the undergraduate can choose his own hours, and, to a large extent, his subjects, and he still relentlessly



View of Gothic buttresses of Merton College at Oxford, dating from 1264

attends tea parties, but if his work suffers he can either be "rusticated" temporarily or "sent down" for good. Each undergraduate is also expected to "read for honors" that is, to be a candidate for one of the university's "good" degrees. Four classes of B.A. degree, for example, are awarded, of which two are considered "good". The value of a "first" is illustrated by the statistics for 1951, which reveal that only 7 per cent of the candidates achieved it; 49 per cent won a second, 31 per cent a third degree, 4 per cent only a worthless fourth, and the rest none at all. By far the majority of those attending Oxford now do so to gain knowledge that will help them find jobs and get ahead in life.

Economic conditions have greatly reduced the comforts and pleasures of student existence compared to twenty years ago. Gone are the pleasant breakfast and luncheon parties that most undergraduates gave so often in their rooms. The high cost of living has also put an end to the lavish picnic baskets that during summer terms were frequently taken on the Isis River (as the Thames was rechristened by Oxonians) and its branch, the Cherwell. The sound of the hunting horn no longer disturbs the quiet quadrangles, and a day with the hounds is seldom, if ever, the excuse for missing a tutorial.

Politics is a major activity at Oxford, which has often been described as a "school for statesmen." In 1951, 138 Oxonians were elected to Parliament: ninety-nine were Conservatives; thirty-eight, Socialists; and one, a Liberal. Before the war, when almost all those elected in 1951 were undergraduates, the Oxford bias was notoriously leftist. Now there is a certain trend toward conservatism, although the rise in the number of students who receive scholarships or financial help—72 per cent—will probably result in an increasing propor-

tion of Labourites in coming years.

The undergraduate receives his political training through the Oxford Union, a debating hall founded in 1823, and in the political clubs. The Union—perhaps unconsciously—seems to serve as a sort of spokesman for English youth, although this has consistently been denied by its officials. An undergraduate once said, "This House exists for us to thrash things out among ourselves, not to vote as the world would like us to."

Some debates have aroused comment from all over England. The topics include such issues as the famous "pacifist" motion passed in 1933 that declared: "This House refuses to fight for King and Country." In 1950, a motion "That this House considers the Union of South Africa under its present administration not worthy of membership in the Commonwealth" was carried by a large majority. In 1954 another motion, "That this House prefers even a communist regime in this country to the danger of a third World War," was refused by only two votes.

The Union's prestige ranks high in the outside world. Its teams have toured the Americas winning praise on all sides. Three postwar presidents are already in the House of Commons, and since 1945 almost every prominent British politician, with the possible exception of Sir Winston Churchill, has visited and spoken there.

Women are still excluded from membership, but on occasion leading female undergraduates are invited for a visit. In the summer of 1949, the son of a woman Labour minister sought to have the rules amended to allow them admission to debates. The proposal was defeated by 301 to 98 after one member declared, "We

are not arguing with them. We are telling them. We just don't want the women!" The *Isis*, the university paper, of June 1, 1949, reported that "A great sheet of sound greeted him in deafening whole-hearted acclamation."

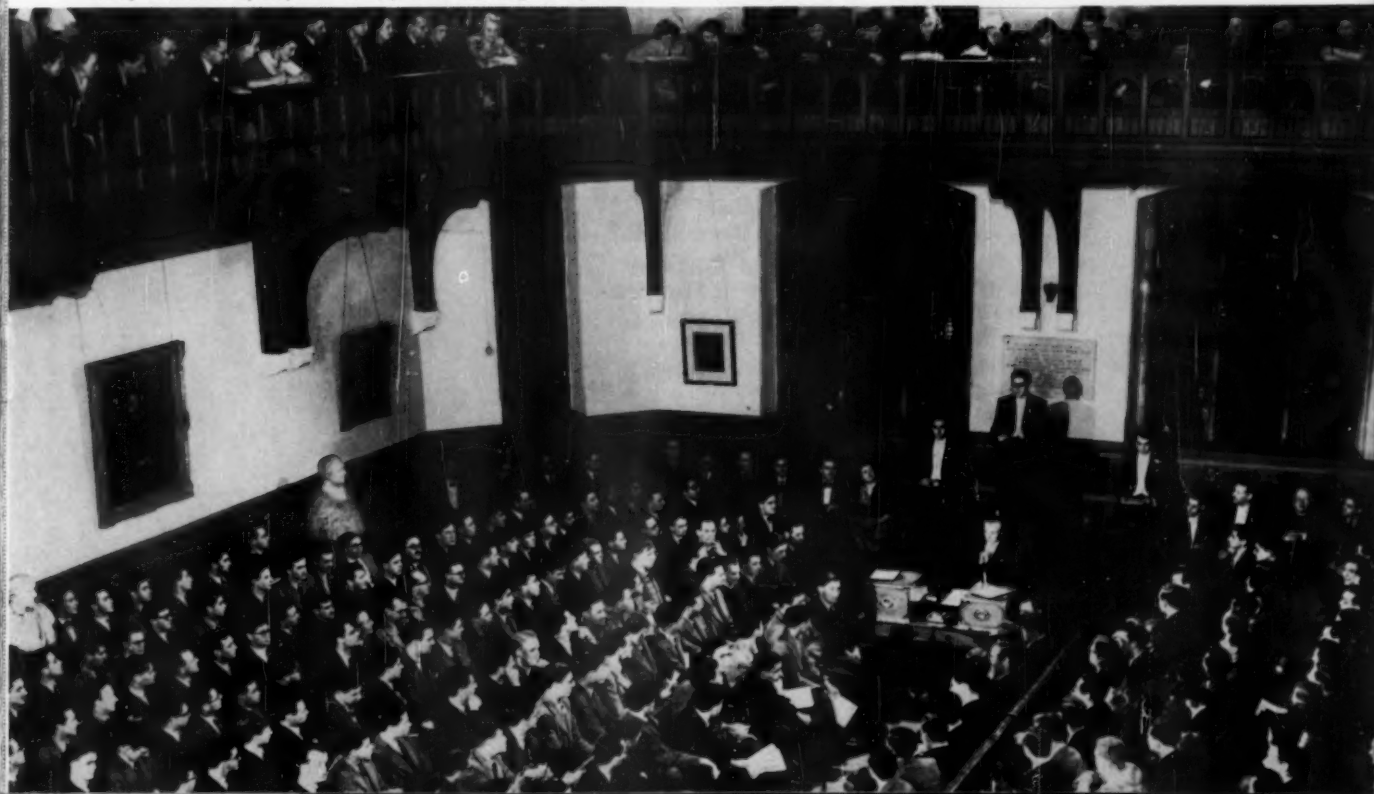
The Union's importance as a training ground for future statesmen cannot be underestimated. Two prime ministers, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Asquith, served as presidents in their student days. An example of the exaggerated deference paid to tradition is illustrated by its parliamentary practice of not referring to a member by name: Mr. Gladstone, dead for more than fifty years, is still referred to as "the ex-president from Christ Church" (and, as a matter of fact, in the Union's eyes, Mr. Gladstone's term as its head was the summit of his career).

Most Union debates are political, although in recent years the rule forbidding discussion of theological topics has been suspended. Since the end of the war, debates have shown consistent anti-Labour majorities, but the opposition's standard of speaking has often been higher.

Even humorous debates follow Union rules of procedure. In his book *Oxford Triumphant*, Norman Longmate notes the embarrassment of the House when not so long ago a U.S. debating team solemnly opposed, with a mass of statistics on U.S.-British commercial relations, the motions "That in the opinion of this House Columbus went too far," "That this House prefers to sleep with its pajama jacket outside its pajama trousers," and so on.

Most undergraduates arrive at Oxford as gauche, hesitant creatures, unable to preside at meetings or take part in committee work, ignorant of entertaining and of

Many a member of Oxford Union, famous debating Hall founded in 1823, has gone on to a distinguished political career



being entertained. But the weekly meetings of the university's three political clubs help to remedy this failing. Besides providing members with useful experience in managing elections, serving on committees, and canvassing the countryside, they teach the social graces. At the end of three years, students know how to dress for most occasions, how to put newcomers at their ease, how to be a host, and how to be a guest. If, as is likely, they have taken an active part in some organization, they will be accustomed to receiving distinguished visitors on their club's behalf, to making small talk over coffee, to summoning taxis and tipping porters. Thus the university provides a finishing school for intellectuals.

Non-British students will also find a measure of athlete-worship, but not to the extent that it prevails in many U.S. universities. Some of its unpleasant aspects at Oxford are the sportsmen who boast of never opening a book and those who make hardly a pretense of reading for a degree. But fortunately, sport has not become commercialized. Rowing occupies first place. Few English cities fail to show interest in the annual race on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake. During the Lent term, the "Torpids" races are held. Shells are strung out for nearly two miles along the river. On the starting signal, each boat tries to bump the stern of the boat ahead with its prow while trying to escape from the boat behind. The very best oarsmen are not permitted to participate in the Torpids but are allowed to row in similar races during Eights Week—the peak of Oxford social life—when they have an opportunity to earn their "Blues" (the equivalent of a U.S. university letter). A man is awarded a Blue for representing the university against Cambridge in certain sports, of which rowing is the most respected. Norman Longmate points out that "to many employers, a Blue counts more than a first."

Next in prestige among Oxford sports comes rugby, then cricket of an extremely high caliber, followed by association football (soccer) and hockey.

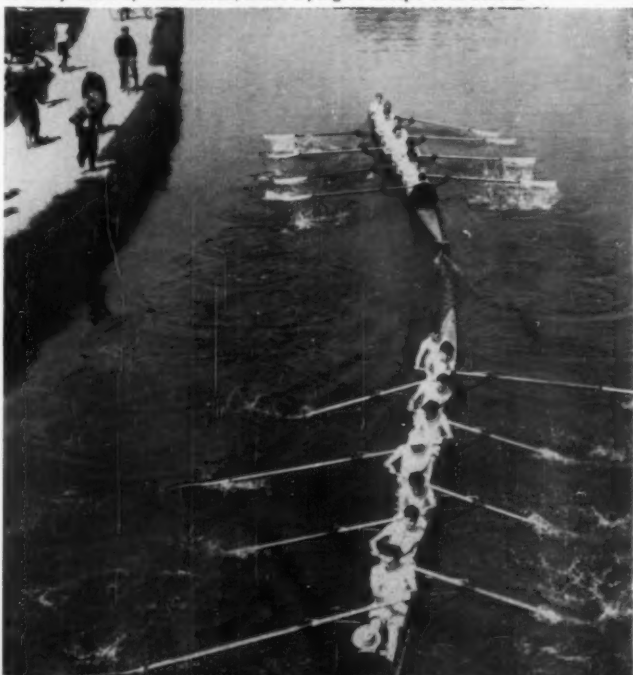
Undergraduate contact among students is constant. New acquaintances are made everywhere, but especially at the meetings of the university societies, of which there are enough to appeal to everyone's tastes. In 1951, there were 170 clubs on the proctors' roll, and numerous others existed that did not seek official recognition. Thus, if a man likes country dancing he can join the Cecil Sharp Club. In the Railway Club he mingles with the select twenty-five who make Sunday-morning excursions to deserted rail tracks or listen spellbound while a locomotive fireman recounts his experiences. The Heretics Club, founded in 1949, offers lectures attacking conventional morality, and membership in the Bath Club is restricted to those who have taken a bath at a women's college. Another eccentric society is the Bowler Hat Club, whose membership is sworn to promote the use of that form of headgear and is limited to those who have been in trouble with the police on such occasions as Guy Fawkes Night (celebrated on November 5 in a medieval atmosphere of witch-burning, with undergradu-

ates thronging the streets and lighting fireworks). The Carlton Club imposes on those who wish to join it a double test: "Is he a sound Conservative?" and "Is he a gentleman?" Another exclusive club is Vincent's, open only to sportsmen of some importance, and on top of all is the Bullingdon, which numbers only twenty members, who organize hunting and racing meets. There are also a Film Society and a Press Club, among others.

As for religion, the mere mention of Oxford is often enough to arouse iconoclastic fury. Many critics imagine a city filled with useless and indolent young men in pursuit of exotic, if not discreditable, religious excess. But Oxford religious life is actually a model of decorum and sobriety. The predominant movement now is not Anglo-Catholic but distinctly evangelical, and Roman Catholicism at Oxford, as well as elsewhere in England, is making steady headway. As Pusey House provides a center for Anglo-Catholics, so Blackfriars, a monastery, and Campion Hall, the Jesuits' College, provide meeting places for Catholic undergraduates, who also have their own society, of high intellectual caliber, the Newman. Another notable feature of religion at Oxford is the total absence of prejudice.

Scientific and technological studies are assuming a new importance at Oxford. Today the Science School alone costs more each year than the University's entire 1938 expenditure. Yet Oxford will probably remain essentially a place for those who seek a fully integrated education, a place "to learn how to think, not what to think." Into whatever new molds the wax may be poured, for Oxford's sake, for much more than Oxford alone, fidelity to these ideals remains a cause in education that must not be lost. As Mr. Longmate wrote, one of the greatest justifications for the university's institutions is that "Here, if never again, may a man be himself; here, if nowhere else, may a man be happy." ♦ ♦ ♦

"Torpids" races on the Isis. On starting signal each shell tries to bump stern of boat ahead, while trying to escape boat behind



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' ANIMALS?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 44



1. Like the llama and the alpaca, the vicuña, valuable only for its wool, is a member of the camel family. Can you tell whether the specimens shown here are llamas or vicuñas?

2. The nutria or coypu, found in Chile and Argentina, is an aquatic rodent with webbed hind feet. Sought for its fur, is it used as a substitute for beaver, raccoon, or fox?



3. The opossums of North and South America (these are from the United States) are virtually the only representatives found outside the Australian region of a whole order of mammals in which the young are born incompletely developed and are kept in a pouch on the mother. What do we call such animals?



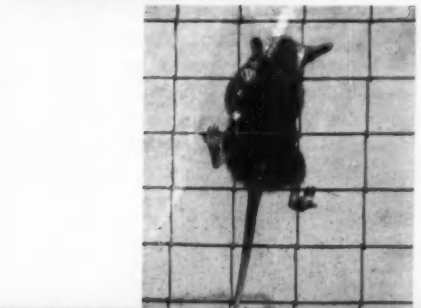
4. The name of the chinchilla, the fur-bearing rodent from South America, is a diminutive form of *chinche*, the Spanish for "bedbug." Was it so named for its similar squeak, coloring, or odor?



5. The river manatee is an aquatic mammal inhabiting Florida, the West Indies, and Central and South America. This specimen was taken in the Ucayali River in Peru. Does it eat fish, plankton, or plants?



6. This great Brazilian anteater is famous for the long sticky tongue with which it raids termite mounds. Is it found outside of South America?



7. Bears are comparatively rare in the South American Andes. Is this well-known species commonly called the coconut bear or the spectacled bear?



8. These elephant seals are among the few Phocidae, or true seals, inhabiting warm regions. They were photographed in the westernmost part of the Latin American mainland. What is it?



9. This extraordinary insect-eating mammal with a scaly tail, found only in Cuba and Haiti, is a solenodon. Which of the following are characteristic of it: (a) when frightened, it hides its head like the ostrich; (b) it screeches like an owl; (c) it is a nocturnal animal; (d) it emits an unpleasant odor?



10. The armadillo and the sloth, along with the anteater, are members of the Edentata group found in Neogaea, as the zoological zone comprising South America is called. Is the sloth a two-, three-, or four-toed animal?

carnival in

SALTA

LUCY M. PERUCCA

PANDEMONIUM breaks loose in the Calchaquí Valleys of northwestern Argentina at Carnival time. The people's roughhouse celebration, which includes everything from starch-throwing to a mock funeral, is one of the strangest pre-Lenten revels anywhere in the world.

Called *chaya*, the occasion is dominated by the spirit of Pujllay, or Pullay, and his coming is heralded long in advance. Throughout the southwest section of Salta Province and small adjacent areas of Jujuy, Catamarca, and Tucumán provinces, the ripening algarroba beans signal the time for the Indians to forget their troubles, to stop worshipping before stone altars to the earth goddess Pacha-Mama, and to begin practicing songs and couplets for the Carnival festivities.

After the algarroba harvest, the women spend days mixing the starch that will be smeared on the faces of unwary victims during the ensuing revelry. They bake cakes and sweet rolls and prepare *chicha*, a fermented corn liquor, and *aloja*, a drink made from the algarroba beans, to be served during the Pujllay celebration. Chicha is especially important, for according to Inca lore it was the blood of the Sun God. When challenged by an adversary, an imbibor must down his *chicha* in one gulp, but not before spilling a few drops on the ground to honor Pacha-Mama.

Everyone gathers the aromatic basil, a plant that is supposed to repel the devil and ward off evil and will soon adorn the revelers' hats and multicolored ponchos. The men bathe and curry their work horses and trim their manes. They whitewash walls and clean stables. Stores sell everything from canned anchovies to golden earrings, from flour to cologne.

February passes slowly as Carnival draws near. Pujllay laughs over the hills and splashes color on the towns. Rainbows form on the peaks and gradually descend into

LUCY M. PERUCCA was born in Rafela, Santa Fe Province, Argentina. A French teacher, she is also an enthusiastic student of her country's folklore. Argentina's few Indians are concentrated in the region she writes about.



the valleys: hill people coming to pay homage to the Carnival King.

On the Thursday before Shrove Tuesday the festivities begin with the *tincunaco* ceremony, or the meeting of the *comadres* (literally "co-mothers," describing the relationship between a godmother and a mother). Nowadays this ritual, which dates from the time of the Inca Empire, is rarely found outside Catamarca and La Rioja provinces. It can be celebrated any time during the year, but Carnival festivities there would be incomplete without it.

When two women wish to become *comadres*, there need be no real child to establish the bond between them. A candy doll, prepared especially for the occasion, does just as well. At the chosen meeting place an arch of willow branches decorated with sweets, tiny lanterns, flowers, and the like is raised. Alongside is a table loaded with food, *aloja*, and *chicha*. The women, elegantly attired and each with her retinue of relatives and friends, approach the arch from opposite directions. The strains of violin and guitar and the beating of drums penetrate the clamor, along with the ingenious original songs of the Carnival singers.

The two columns approach slowly, in step with the music. The women embrace and touch foreheads before the arch. While the onlookers shout their approval and the musicians play energetically, the child, be it real or confectionery, is passed from one to the other. Then everyone turns to the well-stocked table. The starch makes its first appearance when the dancing begins. Soon all faces are liberally smeared and humans turn into laughing, whirling demons.

Three days later as the Sunday sun peeps from behind the hills Carnival builds up to a climax. Shouts, songs, and drum beats echo through the narrow village streets. The women don wide, ruffled skirts, colorful ponchos, white hats, and *ojota* shoes. The men wear no showy costumes; their beautiful drums are their pride and joy.

During the morning, the girls come out to show off

their new clothes, and the boys soon see to it that their faces are transformed into streaked, comical masks of starch and water. But woe to the man who is set upon by a group of women! Like as not he will end up in a drainage ditch.

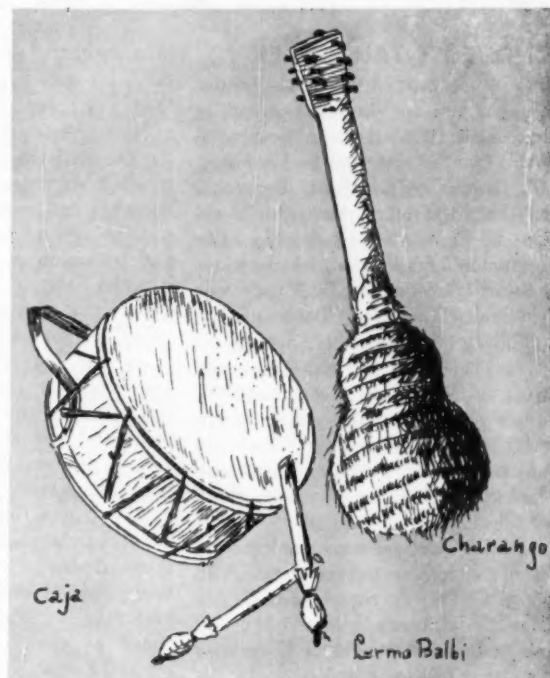
At noon the roughhousing stops. Everyone goes home to change clothes and stock up on more starch and confetti. After lunch, the revelers gather in the town square. Each couple mounts a horse, the man in front, the woman behind. A Carnival singer, accompanying himself on his drum, sings couplets and folk songs while the rest form the chorus as they wend their way to the house where they will dance in homage to Pujllay. On arrival, there is general greeting and embracing, while the bolder ones poke around the kitchen to sample the pastries and drinks.

There are two or three musicians, and soon everyone is dancing. Each performs his specialty, whether *cueca*, *zamba*, or one he made up himself, tracing a filigree pattern on the dusty floor. The mothers tie their infants to their backs with ponchos so that they can join the fun too. When anyone opens his mouth in laughter, down goes a fistful of starch. As the victims sputter and turn scarlet, the horseplay is on again. Dancing is forgotten and smearing begins. Even the old women take part in the pandemonium. Singers stop singing, lest on a high note they get a mouthful of starch or confetti.

Next, food and drinks are served, followed by games, songs, and more dances. The guests entertain each other with humorous couplets. Two singers may perform alternately, with enthusiastic boosters applauding each stanza. When night falls, the revelers must return to the village—sleepy, tired, their cares left behind in the hills. In a slow tempo, they all sing:

*Ya me voy, ya me estoy yendo,
señores, hasta otro día.
Para el año volveré,
si Dios quiere, como hoy día.*

*Now I go, now I'm going,
Ladies and gentlemen, till another day.
I'll be back next year,
God willing, as today.*



Even Pujllay is tired, but the cool breeze from the hills revives the boys enough for them to go out serenading.

So the days pass. Soon it is time to bury Pujllay, until he returns the following year. An elderly woman dresses a doll in a ragged native costume, with a kerchief to hold back its hair. The day of the burial a woman assumes the role of Pujllay's widow and sobs brokenly. The others sing Carnival songs and beat their drums. A grave has been dug beneath an algarroba tree. Here they lay him down, weep over him, put flowers and sweets in the grave. Each one throws in a spadeful of earth as they sing:

*¡Ya se ha muerto el carnaval!
Ya lo llevan a enterrar;
échente poquita tierra,
que se vuelva a levantar*

*Carnival is dead now!
They are burying him;
Throw just a little dirt in
So he can rise again.*

Then the people return silently to their homes. Along with Pujllay they have buried their joy and laughter for another year. Carnival has died. ♦ ♦ ♦





A NOVELIST TALKS BACK

THE CUBAN WRITER Alejo Carpentier embarked on his literary career in Paris in the 1930's. During the Second World War he returned to his homeland. He traveled to Haiti, discovered "the true, marvelous American," and wrote *El Reino de Este Mundo* (*The Kingdom of This World*), which, under the title *Le Royaume de Ce Monde*, was acclaimed "The Best Book of the Month" by the Readers' Society of France. He explored the rivers and forests of Venezuela and brought to literary life characters from three worlds—France, Cuba, and Venezuela—in *Los Pasos Perdidos*, just published in English as *The Lost Steps*. Then he returned to Paris with his wife, Lilia Esteban, convinced that in America "truth surpasses fantasy." In 1956 the French translation of *Los Pasos Perdidos* was declared "The Best Foreign Book of the Year." Carpentier now makes his home in Venezuela. Recently, replying to a series of questions put to him by *El Nacional*, Caracas daily, he revealed his opinions on various literary problems:

"For a while I thought that European literary experience could have a negative effect on the Latin American writer, keeping him from dealing with his own problems. . . . But now I know that this would happen only to an imitator. In that case, the writer would obviously lack initiative and not solve these problems under any circumstances. . . . Our writers . . . who can express themselves in their own particular language need have no fear of studying contemporary European literatures. Quite the contrary. Such knowledge has enriched the work of men like Jorge Luis Borges and Miguel Angel Asturias. In many instances, it

is a matter of learning 'what not to do' . . . and what has already been done. . . .

"Journalism provides excellent training for the writer because it . . . tends to offset his innate laziness. Moreover, it makes him constantly observe what goes on around him. . . . As for radio and television . . . , the writer falls into the habit of using a 'spoken language' that encourages . . . excessive speed in production and leads him along the line of least resistance. I know highly regarded prose writers in the Americas who have been ruined by radio and television.

" . . . If there was anything good in the 'vanguard' movements of the 1920's, it was that, with their furious denial of the past, they aroused in us a new desire . . . to find our roots, to bring today's world face to face with yesterday's, and to see men of former times as our contemporaries. After snubbing the classics for years, we now approach them with renewed fervor. . . .

"The technical advances that led to recordings and the exact reproduction of works of art are proof that new means of communication and of publication favor the creative artists. Also, because of the barrenness and lack of human warmth in technology . . . , art, literature, and poetry have become, after all, a permanent refuge. . . .

"I think the success of *Los Pasos Perdidos* has been due in part to its setting and atmosphere. And also to the fact that certain aspects of modern life are contemplated from an American point of view, with no restrictive taboos. . . .

"Nothing interests me more than examining ideas that are diametrically opposed to ours. People who think

themselves authorized to sit on the right hand of God and pass judgment on their fellow men terrify me."

LIVING ROOM

IN an article in the daily paper *O Estado de São Paulo*, the noted Brazilian writer Carlos Drummond de Andrade directs an appeal to his fellow countrymen:

" . . . When planning a home, today's men and women are more interested in decoration . . . than in foot room. . . . I have reached the age when I can demand not only the right but also the space to stretch my legs whenever I feel lazy or tired. But . . . everything is designed for a minimum of muscular activity. It is also obvious that . . . there is little space provided for children, cats, and puppies, not to mention parrots, marmosets, and turtles. . . .

"I know very well that nowadays dozens of socio-economic factors prohibit raising children on a large scale. The most doting hearts must be satisfied with one or two, whom they keep outside the house as much as possible, simply because it is impractical to keep them inside. The problem is more complicated with domestic animals. . . . Many apartment buildings have rules against owning pets. Even in those that do not, it is distressing to watch an unhappy little animal waste away in polished confinement. . . .

"While some buildings allow children . . . , dogs are forbidden almost everywhere. . . . Either both should be banned or both accepted, since the natural bond between them is so strong. . . . Children without animals are generally selfish, cold, sullen, cruel, and stupid. . . . The deep affection between a child and his dog is a relationship that benefits both. Devotion and education are mutual. . . . Animals without children are mistrusting, maladjusted, neurotic, and stupid. . . .

"I appeal to the architects and the people of Brazil: Make room for children and other small animals. . . ."

GREEN-EYED MONSTER

WRITING in the popular Cuban magazine *Bohemia*, humorist Eladio Secades sees jealousy as "delightful during courtship, practically essential to the first year of marriage, but after that, Chinese torture." His article continues:

" . . . The grand passion usually be-

comes routine—like neighborly greetings and boarding-house menus—but . . . some wives keep thinking about 'the other woman' until they are as old as Eve when she peeled the last apple in the Garden of Eden. . . .

"Jealousy is one of the several methods contrived by women to harass men. They annoy us when, at the very moment of departure, they suddenly turn on the stairs and have to go back because they've forgotten something. I have yet to meet that charming woman who remembers everything when she's going out. In addition to making us wait, they fuss and blame us because, so they say, we always rush them while they're dressing. Another bother is for our wives to remind us in front of others of the idiotic things we said during courtship. . . . It is very difficult to grow old without regretting the silly verses of our youth. . . . Women also annoy us when . . . they turn the automobile rear-view mirror to see if their lipstick is on straight. The good ladies paint their lips to correct the errors of nature. A kiss with lipstick leaves a mark like sealing wax. Like sealing wax, at first it burns, but it cools instantly. . . .

"Most ridiculous is the wife who is jealous of her insignificant husband and won't leave him in peace. . . . Because of weakness in some men, there are women who become a sort of powerful home guard. . . . Friends ridicule the husband for his lack of backbone, and they laugh at the wife because they see the man as he really is, perfectly safe to be left unwatched. Some unfortunates can't even turn around in the movies without their wives . . . giving them a pinch. Through clenched teeth, they ask them for heaven's sake not to make laughing-stocks of them. . . . There are always domineering skirts whose husbands dare not come home late, speak to

another woman two times in a row, or have a private secretary. . . .

"Saddest of all are the very old men who are jealous of their very young wives. . . . Oldsters find love the same difficult apprenticeship it was when they were fifteen. . . .

"When jealousy arises from distrust . . . , anything can foster doubts. Husbands-turned-detectives will know what I mean. They go through their wives' pocketbooks, only to find a mirror, a half-used lipstick, a comb with two teeth missing, a beauty-salon ad. . . .

"Jealousy that reaches the point of criminal action or suicide is love that has become a sickness. This is known as blind love. When a man falls in love that way, he will always find something charming about the woman, though the poor thing may have nothing. Ugly women with beautiful figures. Misshapen figures topped by pretty faces. Sometimes the only attraction . . . is the eyes, the mouth, or, at best, the legs. A man can justify falling in love with a woman who lacks charm by saying she is virtuous. For example, those who say their wives are angels. Young ladies with no other attraction but virtue should guard it carefully by avoiding temptations. As other women watch their figures by avoiding fattening foods. . . ."

ADVENTURE IN PANAMA

JACK SIMON, a deep-sea diver and professional big-game hunter, has explored the waters of the Americas and penetrated deep into jungles. In *The Month in Panama*, an English-language magazine published by the Colón Free Zone, he describes an unexpected encounter in the wilds of Panama:

"My friend Choppy White and I were trapping game along the Chagres River near the border of Darien Province . . . with only our headlamps to

guide us through the all but impenetrable forest gloom. . . .

"One night . . . Choppy [was] a few yards ahead. Suddenly instinct warned me to turn, and my lamp picked out the biggest jaguar I had ever seen. . . . I judged his weight at about three hundred pounds. . . . I wondered how long and how far he had been stalking us . . . for his nocturnal spread.

". . . By then Choppy had seen our pursuer also and was moving in with me. We raised the beams of our headlamps to about ten feet above his head as we worked along the edge of the stream bed. . . . Sensing perhaps that he should not deal with two armed hunters, the animal took off up a high bank to our left. . . . We found his spoor . . . , [which] led us through a densely black palm grove thick with low-hanging vines. We were forced to crawl on our hands and knees, pushing our guns before us. . . . Eventually we emerged . . . onto a small plain about an eighth of a mile wide and thick with shoulder-high sawgrass. . . .

"Choppy was walking about twenty yards to my right when I saw the jaguar for the second time . . . , ten yards to my left! This time I fired, . . . hitting him square in the left shoulder. With a blood-curdling scream, the cat turned a complete flip and disappeared in the deep sawgrass. . . . We headed for the spot where I had last seen him . . . [and] found a pool of blood. We followed the blood-spattered trail . . . , convinced the cat was badly wounded but . . . still on his four feet. . . .

"It was then about one A.M., and the half moon that had partially lighted our path was clouded, leaving us in the darkest and quietest jungle I had [ever been in]. There was not a sound to guide us. . . . We paced cautiously, fearing [we would be] jumped at every turn by the desperate cat. Five suspense-loaded hours later . . .



"Whose book is that, Cuchufli?" "Shakespeare's." "Oh, I thought you'd found it in the street!" —El Mercurio, Santiago

we were plodding through a narrow ravine, one side [rising] about twenty feet from the floor of the sandy bottom. There we saw the cat where he had stopped to rest. On our approach, he jumped into a cave about ten feet above the floor of the ravine. The entrance was about two feet wide . . . , [and] it seemed we had the brute safely cornered. . . . I started throwing rocks into the cave . . . , hoping to force him out. Nothing happened. . . . Then I tied up bundles of dried grass, set them afire, and [tossed them in], but there was no sound. . . .

"Suddenly the intuitive warning flashed again. . . . I glanced over my shoulder and saw the wounded animal stalking me from behind. Choppy was still training his gun on the cave entrance. In one desperate dash I grabbed up my rifle, turned, and fired. The rapid movement caused me to skid . . . backwards eight feet into the ravine, landing flat on my back at the bottom. Instinctively, . . . I still grasped the gun. Above me, poised to spring, was the cat, fangs bared. . . . I fired, hitting him in the face. He collapsed and rolled down the bank. . . .

"How had the jaguar fooled us. . . ? We discovered a second entrance to the cave several yards away, completely hidden by underbrush and vines. . . ."

GYPSY FETE

THOUSANDS of gypsies from all over Europe—even some from Morocco—make an annual pilgrimage to Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, the small town near Marseilles, France, where legend has it that Mary, mother of St. James the Less; Mary Salome, mother of St. John the Evangelist and St. James the Greater; Mary Magdalene; her faithful Egyptian servant Sarah; Joseph of Arimathea; and Lazarus landed after the Jews expelled them from Palestine. Sent to cover this celebration for the Mexican monthly *Latinoamérica*, Emile Marini describes his "two days among gypsies":

" . . . A spacious church that still looks like the fortress it once was . . . is dedicated to the Marys of the sea. The remains of Sarah, whom gypsies the world over have proclaimed as their patron saint, are kept here in a vault that is virtually impenetrable dur-

ing these feast days. The fumes from thousands of continuously burning candles are stifling. Since the gypsies come and go as they please on their patron saint's feast day, you also run the risk of being elbowed half to death.

"There is an endless confusion of the sacred and the profane. . . . At any other time these people would refuse to mix with the rest of the world, but this occasion is unique. Imagine hundreds of wagons drawn up in circles, and thousands of cars scattered about. Add to that the human throngs, and you have the noisiest, most bizarre spectacle imaginable. . . .

"Gypsies honor their saint on the eve of the big celebration. In the afternoon, the small black statue is carried in triumphal procession to the sea to commemorate that miraculous arrival some nineteen hundred years ago. Thousands of Bohemians, dressed in their finest costumes, parade, shout, sing, and seem to go crazy with joy. Some ride white horses. Others, on foot, form a human barricade to keep outsiders from mingling with the gypsies. Others guard the image. That night all the pilgrims participate in a prayerful watch. At midnight, there is an impressive torchlight procession. Beginning at one o'clock, masses are celebrated continuously until morning.

"The sacred remains are kept in a chapel behind . . . the main altar. At a given moment, a door opens and a candelabrum . . . rises on high . . . as a tribute of faith. As the caskets are lowered slowly on strong ropes, adorned with bouquets of flowers, the gypsies sing joyfully. . . . When the caskets are within a few yards of the floor, excitement reaches a fever pitch, for the gypsies believe that the first to kiss them will receive special blessings during the ensuing year. For hours afterward, the pilgrims file past. . . .

"Next . . . comes the feast day of the Marys, celebrated in the same atmosphere of devotion. . . . During the afternoon the images of Mary the mother of St. James the Less and Mary Salome are carried exultantly in a small boat to the sea, and this time the Bishop of Aix follows. When they reach the shore, those carrying the boat go into the water, in memory of the landing from Palestine. The Bishop stands in another boat and addresses

the pilgrims. . . . Then he blesses them all, asking divine protection for them. . . . Afterward, the procession files back to the church, where the caskets are ceremoniously returned to their resting places. After the religious devotion, happiness . . . is given free rein.

"I talked with one of the chaplains with the Tziganes [gypsies of Hungarian origin]. He told me something about the customs of these nomadic people. . . . First, he explained, the Tziganes are different from the gypsies of Spanish origin, the Maniches of German or Western European origin, and the Romanies of Indian origin, who traveled to the Balkans. Only the Romanies have kept their original Indic language, . . . which is transmitted, unwritten, from generation to generation.

" . . . The Tziganes regard death with particular respect, destroying all personal possessions and even the wagon of the deceased. Unmarried couples sometimes live together, usually because they cannot get together the necessary documents for a civil ceremony. They are fully aware of their obligations . . . , and adultery brings severe punishment. . . . Now that the Church has appointed chaplains to serve these people . . . , many family situations have been regularized, baptisms are frequent, and on the feast day of the Marys I attended the first communion of six little Tziganes. . . .

"On occasion, a leader will take an outsider into the group as a sign of special friendship. During the ritual . . . , the leader makes a small incision in the guest's arm and one in his own or another member's to mix blood. . . .

"No other peoples have better resisted assimilation than these perpetual wanderers, whose fiercely independent attitude has brought them torment through the centuries. During the last war they were viciously persecuted by the Germans. An estimated five hundred thousand of the five million Tziganes scattered throughout the world died in Nazi concentration camps. Still, their way of living and thinking remains unchanged. They have their own laws, settle their differences among themselves, and never question the punishment meted out by a leader. . . ."

On the Economic Front

THE HAGUE CLUB

After more than a decade of bilateral trade or barter agreements, exchange restrictions, and multiple currency rates in trade between South America and Europe, progress is reported toward multilateralism and more liberal policies, both in Argentina and in Brazil.

Brazil's new trading relations are the more advanced. The so-called Hague Club, formed at a meeting in the Netherlands in 1955, links Brazil in multilateral payments arrangements with seven European countries—Germany, the Netherlands, the United Kingdom, Belgium, Austria, France, and Italy. Under the system, Brazil is allowed to pool currency earned from sales to the European members and Brazilian importers may spend it in whichever country they prefer. In December, negotiations were being held in Rio for new commercial agreements with the Scandinavian countries.

A new multilateral system linking Argentina with ten European countries came into operation early in July.

British exporters hailed these moves as opening up new opportunities, though they face heavy competition from other European sellers. British shipments to Brazil in the first eight months of 1956 were valued at over nine million pounds sterling, or more than double the figure for the same months of 1955. How much the European fuel shortage resulting from the Suez crisis may affect such trade remains to be seen.

For the first half of 1956, official figures show Brazil had a favorable over-all balance of trade of three billion cruzeiros, or \$171,000,000, in contrast to the \$49,000,000 deficit for the corresponding period in 1955.

BOLIVIA TIGHTENS ITS BELT

Bolivia, which has been suffering from the effects of one of the worst inflationary spirals any country has experienced, has adopted a series of strict austerity measures designed to stabilize its currency at a natural rate. Instead of an official rate of 191.90 bolivianos to the dollar side by side with a free-market rate that had soared to around 14,000 to the dollar in recent months, there will now be only one rate, determined in the free market. When the new system went into effect in mid-December, the boliviano appeared to be

finding its own level at somewhere between 7,000 and 8,000 to the dollar. The International Monetary Fund and the U.S. Treasury have each provided \$7,500,000 in supporting funds, but these are to be used only to iron out temporary fluctuations, not to maintain the boliviano at an artificial level. In addition, the U.S. International Cooperation Administration will make another ten million dollars available for the stabilization program. The new plan will make possible elimination of import and foreign-exchange restrictions and other controls on private trade with other nations. Import duties will be put on an ad valorem basis.

At home, measures to strengthen the economy will include:

(1) Adoption of a balanced-budget policy, entailing a 40 per cent cut-back in government expenditures on imports and higher taxes on exports, imports, and domestic goods.

(2) Elimination of the deficits of the autonomous government agencies—the Mining Corporation, the Mining Bank, railroads, and the Petroleum Corporation—by strict limitation of their foreign purchases and discontinuance of their subsidized commissary system. The commissary subsidization, in addition to costing the government billions of bolivianos, had also added to black-market operations in goods bought at low prices in such stores and then resold domestically or smuggled abroad for sale at a much higher figure.

(3) Immediate elimination of all government price controls.

(4) Strict controls over bank credit.

(5) Discontinuance of subsidies on consumer goods.

(6) Pricing of commodities received through U.S. assistance programs at realistic rates to curb hoarding and smuggling.

(7) Cost-of-living increases for wage and salary earners, after the proposed tax increases and the abandonment of price controls and consumer subsidies. In turn, this will be followed by a one-year wage freeze.

This broad program was prepared by the National Council on Monetary Stabilization, headed by President Hernán Siles Zuazo, with the assistance of Jackson Eder and other U.S. financial advisers and a special International Monetary Fund mission. Announcing the new measures, the government recognized they would mean further hardship for many Bolivians for a time but declared them essential.



BOOKS

RECENT U.S. LITERATURE

MINORITY REPORT: H. L. MENCKEN'S NOTEBOOKS. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1956. 293 p. \$3.95

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX, by James MacGregor Burns. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1956. 553 p. Illus. \$5.75

THE CRUCIAL DECADE: AMERICA 1945-1955, by Eric F. Goldman. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1956. 298 p. \$4.00

THIS HALLOWED GROUND: THE STORY OF THE UNION SIDE OF THE CIVIL WAR, by Bruce Catton. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1956. 437 p. Maps. \$5.95

ARMS AND MEN: A STUDY IN AMERICAN MILITARY HISTORY, by Walter Millis. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1956. 382 p. \$5.75

A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION, by Crane Brinton, John B. Christopher, and Robert Lee Wolff. Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1955. Two volumes: 686 p. and 722 p. Illus. \$16.00

GOODBYE TO UNCLE TOM, by J. C. Furnas. New York, William Sloane Associates, Inc., 1956. 435 p. Illus. \$6.00

SEGREGATION: THE INNER CONFLICT IN THE SOUTH, by Robert Penn Warren. New York, Random House, Inc., 1956. 66 p. \$1.95

THE BERNAL DÍAZ CHRONICLES, translated by Albert Idell. New York, Doubleday and Company, 1957. \$5.00

THE CONQUISTADORS, by Jean Descola. New York, The Viking Press, Inc., 1957. Illus. \$5.00

MEXICAN PAINTING IN OUR TIME, by Bernard S. Myers. New York, Oxford University Press, 1956. 297 p. Illus. \$15.00

THE GROWTH AND CULTURE OF LATIN AMERICA, by Donald E. Worcester and Wendell C. Schaeffer. New York, Oxford University Press, 1956. 963 p. Illus. \$8.50

LATIN AMERICA: A HISTORY, by Alfred B. Thomas. New York, The Macmillan Company, 1956

Reviewed by Hubert Herring

The Editor asks the impossible, as editors always do—to sort over a six-month crop of nonfiction and to pick a few for comment. But this critic, while bowing meekly, must argue that such a choice can scarcely be set down as "the best" of the thousands which tumble from the presses. He has not looked at all the books. And furthermore he is beset by his prejudices. So he will simply note a few of the books he has read and liked.

First of all, there is *Minority Report: H. L. Mencken's Notebooks*. For many years sound citizens have been angered by H. L. M. He has belabored the schoolteachers, the preachers, the reformers. For many of those years *The American Mercury*, under his editorship, was prime reading for boys and girls who wanted an outlet for their impatience. Now that he is dead, his notebooks yield another book. And he proves to be as outrageous as ever he was in life. He shocks, horrifies, insults—and is tonic for a sleek and complacent world. And so thanks to all the gods (in whom Mencken never believed) for all who stir up such lively disputes.

Then, to the retellers of history. A number of recent writers have done well in re-creating for us days that are gone.

Here is a grand book: James MacGregor Burns' *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox*. Judging from the score of books published about Franklin Delano Roosevelt during the first decade since his death, we may look forward to a steady flow of analysis, criticism, praise for another hundred years and more. But of all the books that have yet appeared I would pick this as the most discriminating and exciting. The author stole his title from Machiavelli, who wrote that "a prince must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves. One must therefore be a fox to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten wolves." Mr. Burns' ample book will not altogether please either the detractors or the devotees of Franklin Roosevelt. However, those who despised "that man" will find comfort in the dictum of venerable Oliver Wendell Holmes; commenting on the new President in 1933, Holmes said, "A second-class intellect . . . but a first-class temperament." And the critics will applaud Mr. Burns when he admits the thinness of Roosevelt's knowledge of economics, his debonair recklessness in improvising state measures, and his condoning of wasteful duplication of effort and money by conflicting agencies. But not all was improvisation, opportunism, and recklessness. There was courage and sheer genius in his dealing with the economic crisis of 1933. There was statesman-

ship in his handling of American public opinion before and during the war. Roosevelt "played by ear," but his ear was sensitive, and his playing was often inspired. Historians will long debate his wisdom, but few will question his stature. Perhaps the harshest judgment upon him will be that he sought and accepted a fourth term when he knew that his force was spent—and without taking any steps toward preparing his Vice President for the fearful tasks that would soon be his.

Another brilliant recapitulation of recent history is Eric F. Goldman's *The Crucial Decade*. Here we have re-enacted the ten years following the war; a depressing decade in which "there was too much chrome, too much worship of chrome, too much Joseph McCarthy, too much shabby running away from reality." The nation—and Harry Truman—were caught off guard on the day Roosevelt died. There was floundering and ineptness. But then order and leadership emerged and the man from Missouri whom the people of the United States had not taken very seriously, and to whom Roosevelt had told almost nothing, not even the secret of the A-bomb, suddenly emerged as the leader of the people. Out of this somber period, fully as exacting as the war years, came the bold devising of the Marshall Plan for the rescue of Europe, the spirited Korean adventure with its sharp reminder to the Communist world that there were limits to our patience. In this drama, Harry Truman of the quick temper and the gaudy shirts became a new sort of popular hero. And it was Captain Truman, now Commander-in-Chief, who took on General of the Army Douglas MacArthur and won. In 1948, Truman was re-elected by a people who admired courage and who decided that his successes outweighed his failures. And, then, in 1952, the electorate, tired by twenty years of New Deal and Fair Deal, turned to General Eisenhower and conservatism. There was still Senator McCarthy to be reckoned with, but Eisenhower gave that gentleman time to hang himself, which he did with precision and finality. Out of all the confusions, by 1955 Americans "could know the pride of a people who, sorely tempted to a frightened petulance, had in the long run reacted with good sense and not without courage and generosity."

Another memorable book, giving the Union side of the Civil War, is Bruce Catton's *This Hallowed Ground*. Beautifully written, of impeccable scholarship, Mr. Catton's book is one of the most moving of the many books on that war. His canvas is broad, with room enough for the common man on the sidelines, for the soldier on the firing line, for the politicians and the officers. He uses

seemingly trivial episodes to bring great issues to life. He recounts the ghastly failures in Union strategy, and pictures the meagerness of many of the chief actors without allowing the overarching issues to be forgotten. And throughout the book he gives fine characterizations of the men in key positions—McClellan, Sherman, Grant, and many others. Tribute to Mr. Catton's success is the fact that it is written so simply that one boy of fourteen of my acquaintance demands the chance to finish reading the book.

A different excursion into history is Walter Millis' *Arms and Men*. This study of American military history from the flintlock musket of 1776 to the hydrogen bomb of 1955 is a sober, terrifying account of the stages through which the nation has passed in the business of preparing for war. First there was "the democratization of war" in the days when the colonies were fighting for independence. War then became the business of the people, and "a politically responsible President replaced the hereditary monarch as Commander-in-Chief." Second, there was the impact of the Industrial Revolution. After the close of the Napoleonic era, the skills employed in factories were applied to the machinery of war. The steam engine brought new mobility to fighting ships. The substitution of propellers for paddlewheels meant new security. Guns were enlarged and improved. The American Civil War saw many innovations. Armored warships were introduced. The third phase was the managerial revolution. During the years after the Civil War steps were taken to train officers, to plan more effective communications, to improve weapons and ships. The publication in 1890 of Captain Mahan's *The Influence of Sea Power on History* brought the United States new awareness of its need both for better organization of its fighting force and for better fighting ships. But the country was still unprepared when the war with Spain came in 1898, nor was it ready when World War I broke in 1914. The fourth stage, says Mr. Millis, was the mechanization of war. During World War I, we saw the emergence of submarines, tanks, airplanes, and landing craft. There was resistance to all innovations: Billy Mitchell lost his army post because he dared to tell the truth about airplanes. The fifth era, continues Mr. Millis, was the scientific revolution. Now came further improvements in all the instruments of fighting, and finally the atomic bomb. These are the stages by which we have been brought "within possible distance of the extinction of civilization, if not of humanity itself." But, adds Mr. Millis, "presumably the human race will in the future, as it has done throughout the past, find means of getting along somehow, probably for the better rather than for the worse." But how that will be done is not answered.

For the book to end all history books, I put in a word of praise for the two-volume *A History of Civilization*, by Crane Brinton, John B. Christopher, and Robert Lee Wolff. Beautifully printed and well illustrated, written succinctly and with grace, the book leads us from the first men and the first civilization down to the United Nations on the East River. It is a hugely exciting survey. College boys and girls are fortunate to have it, and many not in



college will find it useful. My only quarrel with the authors is that they have left too much out. A "history of civilization" should have more about China and India, ancient and modern; more about Africa and Latin America.

In the midst of the current debate over integration of Negroes in the schools of the United States, I find one book on the American Negro refreshing and timely. J. C. Furnas' *Goodbye to Uncle Tom* is a tract for the times that effectively disposes of a good many of the myths that were given currency by that strange best-seller *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mr. Furnas does a clean surgical job on Harriet Beecher Stowe, whom he finds guilty of peopling pre-Civil War United States with kindly old Toms, sweet little Evas, and glowering Simon Legrees. Mr. Furnas tells straight truths about slavery, and about the Negro's right to a place of decent self-respect in our modern world. And, along with Mr. Furnas' tract, I will recommend another, a slim volume by novelist Robert Penn Warren, *Segregation: The Inner Conflict in the South*. Mr. Warren, a southerner by birth, revisited the states where the integration dispute is most serious, talked with a wide variety of men and women, and reports on what he saw. He has no conclusions, but leaves the problem where it is—immensely difficult and calling for all the patience and intelligence we can muster.

There are a number of new books on Latin America. Albert Idell has a finely done translation of *The Bernal Diaz Chronicles*. That eye-witness account of the conquest of Mexico, written sixty years after the events by a man eighty-four years old, blind and deaf, is one of the great documents of all American history. It has been variously translated and often reprinted. The translations into English were never quite successful; they slipped into elegance, and Bernal Diaz's prose was not elegant. He wrote hurriedly, misspelled words, was short on grammar, repeated himself endlessly as an old man would. Mr. Idell has done well in recapturing the mood of the original and has cut out much material that was of little interest. Furthermore, Jean Descola's *The Conquistadors*, a translation from the French, gives a pleasant, and oftentimes refreshing, version of the mighty deeds of Columbus, Cortés, Pizarro, Valdivia, and the other bold men who conquered a new world for Spain. In the field of art,

Bernard S. Myers' *Mexican Painting in Our Time* will bring delight to all admirers of the work of Rivera, Orozco, Siqueiros, and others. Its text is thoughtful and its plates lovely. For good measure, I recommend two excellent new general histories of Latin America: Donald E. Worcester and Wendell C. Schaeffer's *The Growth and Culture of Latin America* and Alfred B. Thomas' *Latin America: A History*.

Hubert Herring, professor at the Claremont Graduate School in California and author of a recent, widely praised *History of Latin America*, will report regularly on U.S. books.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

D. PEDRO II E A CONDESSA DE BARRAL ATRAVÉS DA CORRESPONDÊNCIA ÍNTIMA DO IMPERADOR, ANOTADA E COMENTADA, by R. Magalhães Júnior. Rio de Janeiro, Editora Civilização Brasileira, 1956. 436 p.

Reviewed by Manoel Cardozo

The second reigning emperor of Brazil, who ascended the throne as a boy of fourteen in 1840 and was driven from it, an old man, in 1889, is always pictured as a cold and austere man incapable of affection, reserved and reticent in his feelings. His father, who was the first of the American Braganças and the leader of the movement for independence, cut quite another figure. The flamboyance of the brave and daring new world of the Romantics was very much a part of him. He was a product of an age of revolution, and the baroque Church held him back not at all. It really did not matter to the first of the Pedros that people talked of his association with ruffians, of his living in open concubinage with the Marchioness of Santos. He wanted to be as liberal personally as the country was politically, and he saw no reason why royalty in the new scheme of things should be deprived of the freedom to have fun.

The son of Dom Pedro I and of the Archduchess Leopoldina of Austria, the unhappy Empress of Brazil, was the antithesis of his father. He spent his days with Victorian propriety, as though wishing to expiate the sins of his father, the winters at São Cristóvão, the summers at the pink palace in Petrópolis. He kept close to his plain wife, a Princess of the Two Sicilies picked for him in the best tradition, who limped a little, was a bit older than he was, and was endowed with no other social grace than a pleasing voice. He occupied himself with affairs of state, opened Parliament whenever this was required of him, and visited hospitals and orphanages, but in the snippets of his diary that have been published, what strikes us is not what the Emperor has to say about politics but rather his patience in recording facts and figures on the weather and what he read aloud to his daughters from the Portuguese classics. He wanted to be known as a patron of the arts, and he encouraged the Brazilian Historical and Geographical Institute by presiding regularly at its meetings. He was pleased to be a corresponding member of the Institut de France, pleased also that he was on friendly terms with that well-known republican Victor Hugo. When he traveled abroad, he did the things that were becoming to one who had the reputation of being the grandson of Marcus



Aurelius. He attended a service at the synagogue in London to practice his Hebrew. He visited the pyramids in the valley of the Nile, saw the Golden Horn from Constantinople. He knew the United States more thoroughly than any other reigning monarch has ever known it, from New York through Salt Lake City (where he observed the Mormons) to San Francisco, its factories, sewage plants, gas works.

Over a period of eighteen years Dom Pedro carried on at times an intense, at times a surreptitious correspondence, collected in this volume, with the only person with whom he seemed able to relax. To other people he seemed always to be running away, not from duty, because he was attentive to that, but from himself, as though anxious to keep his distance, for fear of giving the impression that he wanted to be friendly. With the Countess of Barral he could be and often was himself.

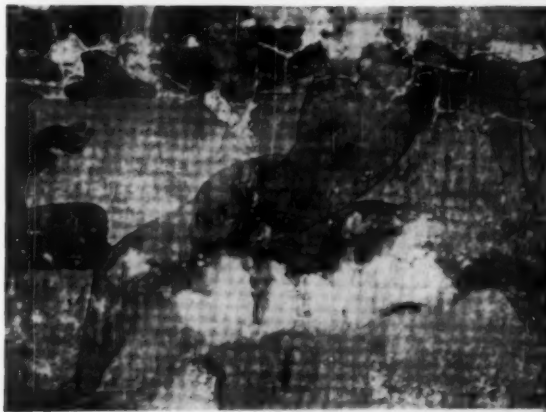
Luiza Margarida Portugal de Barros, wife of the French Count of Barral, was an uncommonly intelligent and attractive and, for her day, superbly educated aristocrat from Bahia. She entered the Emperor's life in 1856, when she was put in charge of the education of the two imperial children. The Countess was the Emperor's senior by almost ten years—when she arrived in Rio to begin her duties at Court, Dom Pedro was forty—but this never stood in the way of their relationship. For years after she left the imperial service and set up house-

keeping in Europe, the Emperor continued to write to her.

The Countess, moreover, was a respectable woman, not a Marchioness of Santos, and anyone who expects to find in these letters proof at last that the Emperor, like his father, had feet of clay is bound to be disappointed. The letters are also disappointing from a literary point of view. They simply give us further proof (if further proof were needed) that Dom Pedro's rhetoric was of pedestrian quality, that he was at heart an incurable fussbudget, that his intellectual attainments, despite all that he did to perfect his knowledge of exotic languages, were meager. They do reveal him, however, as he did not appear in public—dressed, to be sure, but in other clothes. Almost for the first time we see him as a human being, not as the head of a family, a monarch, or a pseudo-scholar; as a man who could feel, laugh, flirt, cajole, pout, and tease. As Magalhães Júnior, the editor and annotator, tells us in his excellent introduction, these letters of the Emperor "leave us with the impression that for Pedro II—who was twice an orphan, once when his mother died, when he was scarcely a year old, and again when his stepmother left with Pedro I after the abdication in 1831, when he was five years old—the Countess of Barral was at the same time the mother he never really had, the wife he did not pick, and the beloved he did choose himself. . . ."

Manoel Cardozo is director of the Oliveira Lima Library of Brazilian works at the Catholic University in Washington, D.C.

The revised one-volume edition of Pál Kelemen's monumental *Medieval American Art* just published by the Macmillan Company (414 pages plus 308 plates; \$15.00) contains these and other new illustrations, more recent photographs of some of the subjects appearing in the 1943 edition, and, except for these, all the original plates. The mural, representing an arraignment of prisoners, is in a building in the Mayan city of Bonampak, in southern Mexico, which had not been discovered at the time the first edition was published. The stucco head, apparently broken off a statue, was found at Palenque, another Mayan site. In a new preface Mr. Kelemen comments on some of the changes in the field of pre-Columbian art in the past sixteen years, most notably the rise of public interest. He also considers—and discards—one of the newer theories about the American Indian civilizations: the idea that they were heavily influenced by the cultures on the other side of the Pacific, dramatized by numerous expeditions. Mr. Kelemen's attitude toward the works he deals with is communicated by his subtitle, "*Masterpieces of the New World Before Columbus*," and in this scholarly, handsome book he proves his point.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MAYAN DRAPERIES

Dear Sirs:

I would like very much to find out more about the drapery material with the Mayan motif showing in the background of the picture of the late Ambassador from Honduras, Dr. Carlos Izaguirre, in the August 1955 issue of *AMERICAS* (see cut). Can this fabric be purchased, and, if so, from whom?

I am interested in pre-Columbian—especially Mayan—archeology and culture, and I would very much like to use some of this material in my study.

William C. Davis, Jr.
Norfolk, Virginia

Curiously, the drapery material with the Mayan motif came not from Honduras but from a Washington department store. The material is forty-eight inches wide and costs about \$12.95 a yard. It was part of a decorating job done for the Honduran Embassy by the Hecht Company.



FROM HIGH SCHOOL TO HOKKAIDO

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I was in high school, I have been an ardent reader of the Spanish edition of your wonderful *AMERICAS*. Being so far away from home these days, and with little or no Spanish literature available, I am very glad to get your magazine, even though it comes a bit late. Now, as they say here in Japan: *Sayonara, kyotsukete* (goodbye and good health)!

Horacio Guzmán
Chitose Air Base
Hokkaido, Japan

HOUSE ON THE MOUNT

Dear Sirs:

I am sending you a copyright India ink sketch I have made of the Guide House on Mount Rainier, Washington. Because the buildings of Central and South America are of interest to us North Americans, particularly to me as an architect, it seemed that this might interest our good southern neighbors. It was designed forty years ago by the distinguished Tacoma architect, Frederick Heath, who died recently at the age of ninety-two.

Mount Rainier, with its twenty-six glaciers, is seventy-five miles southwest of Tacoma and one hundred south of Seattle, toward the end of the Paradise Valley highway. The snow-covered summit



of the Mount, which the Indians called "The Mountain That Was God," rises to 14,408 feet. When the snow on the lower slopes melts in July, the many-colored Alpine blooms create lovely effects. The clear, forest-scented air is another attraction. It is not difficult to reach, being the only place in North America where one can motor from sea level to 5,440 feet in two and a quarter hours, as I do from my house.

Nelson J. Morrison
Tacoma, Washington

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ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 33

1. Llamas. 2. Beaver. 3. Marsupials (order *Marsupialia*). 4. For its similar odor. 5. Plants. 6. No. 7. The spectacled bear. 8. Lower California. 9. All are characteristic. 10. There are two species, the three-toed and the two-toed. The hind legs of the latter, however, also have three toes.

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere.

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